The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1933 NUMBER 981

Contents

The Week 139

Editorials

The Hole in Recovery 141
Cuban Hurricane 143

General Articles

Who's Holding Back Public Works?..John T. Flynn 145
The Significance of Sections.....Constance Rourke 148
A New Radical Party.....Selden Rodman 152
Washington Notes.....T. R. B. 153
Other People's Money.....John T. Flynn 154
Before Disaster (verse).....Yvor Winters 155
Tufted Trees.....Stark Young 155

Correspondence 157

Reviews of Books

Lines for an Interment.....
.....Archibald MacLeish and Malcolm Cowley 159
The Dragon's Teeth.....Herbert Klein 161
Fiction vs. Blurbs.....T. S. Matthews 162
Bran in a Bright Package.....Lewis Mumford 163
Book Notes 163

The Week

AS AUTUMN approaches, the problem of unemployment relief becomes more threatening than last year. At the outside, not more than 2 million persons have been reëmployed, and unless business reverses its present downward trend more quickly and sharply than any responsible person expects, that number will not be greatly increased before cold weather. That leaves more than 10 millions still jobless. Meanwhile, relief funds have shrunk far more rapidly than the number of unemployed. Private charity has nearly been pumped dry, while the finances of embarrassed cities and states are, in general, more scanty than ever. Failure of real estate and building to revive means that tax collections are still low. There is a steady paring of the already insufficient relief extended to those who need it, most of them more badly than ever. A committee of social agencies and citizens investigating relief in New York City revealed startling conditions. The city is not paying rent for many of the families on the rolls, except when they are threatened with eviction. Back rent is not paid, even then. Knowing this, new landlords will not give house room to the evicted. Such rent as is paid is given not in cash, but in paper which the city honors only after such long delay, if at all, that families are being evicted whose rent is theoretically taken care of. Many who, for some inexplicable reason, are not on city relief, are being fed only by the Red Cross, which will cease such aid on September 22. Other abuses are chargeable to graft or faulty administration, but these arise mainly from lack of funds. There will be more starvation and freezing this winter than ever before, unless a miracle happens.

THE worldwide boycott of German goods, shipping and services of all kinds which is being organized by prominent Jewish bodies seems to us the only way of impressing upon those responsible for the present regime in Germany the detestation with which its persecutions are regarded. The New Republic has steadfastly opposed governmentally authorized boycotts as a substitute for war, since the national boycott is, if effective, a war measure rather than a substitute. Like war, it is injurious and cruel to both sides, its result is incalculable, it punishes the innocent along with the guilty and it provokes that organized violence which is usually called war. A non-governmental boycott escapes the danger of developing into a full war, but in other respects it shares the gravity of official non-intercourse. Those who embark upon it in this instance do, as individuals or groups, make war on Hitler's Germany. They must recognize that Hitler's enemies within that nation will suffer by their action as much as his adherents. Nevertheless, the Nazis declared the war on the Jews, as well as on political opponents, and this is a measure of self-defense. The more quickly and generally the boycott becomes effective, the sooner are Germans likely to understand that Hitler's stupid cruelty cannot benefit them. And the more quickly Hitler is overthrown by the Germans, the less likelihood is there of a complete war in which the sufferings of the Germans, like those of other peoples, would be increased a hundredfold.

THE recent program speech of Chancellor Dollfuss failed to bring the promised clarification of Austrian policy. The Chancellor has always been manifestly pro-fascist in his sympathies, but he prefers the Italian to the German brand. In line with his fascist ideas he eliminated parliament, declared war on Marxism and promised a new constitution

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"in which there will be no room for demagogy and party politics." The man who, since his accession, has been the faithful tool of reactionary Austrian and international capitalism, now announces that "the period of capitalism is over and we are determined to rebuild Austria as a corporate Christian state." "Without terrorism, which I abhor, and without coördination," he wishes to accomplish the political feat of "uniting all parties into one." That "all parties" would include the Social Democracy, which he has already practically eliminated from political influence, the Chancellor seems to have forgotten. Since the founding of a new pro-Nazi "front" by Vice-Chancellor Winkler, Dollfuss has lost control even over his own Cabinet. Count Starhemberg, commander of the Heimwehr, recently visited Rome and pledged himself, "my organization and the government we support" in glowing words to the cause of fascism. The appointment of Dr. Rintelen, a Heimwehr man, as Ambassador to Italy, makes it even more obvious that Austria is to be delivered over to a fascist regime. From that point to a reconciliation with National Socialism and Hitler will be but another step. France and England, which so avidly defended Dollfuss and his Christian Social party, will find they have fallen from the frying pan into the fire.

FACTS about German armaments are about to be dragged out of the darkness of "highly confidential French memoranda" into the bright light of day. From Paris comes the news that the British government has taken its stand behind the Quai d'Orsay and is demanding a thoroughgoing investigation to discover whether and to what extent Germany is violating the terms of the Versailles Treaty. A year ago France accused the Brüning government of secret armaments in violation of treaty restrictions. Since Hitler's chancellorship its protests have become increasingly frequent and have culminated in a demand directed to the British and the Italian governments for an investigation by the League of Nations, a demand which has since been brought to the attention of the Council of the League and of the Disarmament Conference. France recently laid before the governments of Great Britain, Italy, the United States and Russia a detailed analysis of those instances which have come to its attention in which Germany has violated its arms promises, and has called upon these governments to take a determined stand at the preliminary disarmament conversations which are to begin at the end of September. To all appearances, the preliminary conference will find France and England united in their insistence on a thorough scrutiny of the state of Germany's armaments. They will now ask that this investigation be conducted before the question of arms equality is decided in principle. Berlin is "outraged." After an interview with a responsible German statesman, a prominent official of the Disarmament Conference stated that Germany would leave the League of Nations rather than submit to such humiliation. The barometer points to storm, but for the present it will be a tempest in a teapot.

WOULD the Spanish revolution go the way of Germany, or the way of Russia?—or would it perhaps go its own way, proving that with wise leadership a moderate, democratic government by Socialists is possible even in this day of Mussolinis? These are the questions which occurred to observers on the fall of the Spanish monarchy and which are slowly being answered by the march of events. The Socialist Premier, Manuel Azaña, has shown himself to be more vigorous and courageous than were Ebert, Scheidemann and Noske in the days following the German revolution, yet he has had the same difficulties to face, and Spanish affairs are being forced into the German pattern. Last year a monarchist revolt was broken partly by a general strike, like the Kapp *Putsch* in Germany. The government turned somewhat leftward, and proceeded with its laws disestablishing the Church and taking education out of clerical hands; it planned to divide the big estates; labor unions grew stronger. The increasing power of the Left—or, in more accurate words, of the bottom layers of society—caused a closer union of the conservative elements, priests, landowners and capitalists. The richest capitalist in Spain, Juan March—by a slip of the tongue we almost said Fritz Thyssen—bought all the Madrid newspapers and, from a jail cell, conducted a campaign which has now led to the fall of the Azaña government. Power has passed to the conservative republican group headed by Alejandro Lerroux. The anti-clerical laws of the Republic are to be put in force by the friends of clerics. The great landowners' estates are to be divided by landlords and the new labor laws administered by employers. It is likely that this state of affairs will provoke a revolt on the part of labor and the landless peasants. If this revolt is put down, and if its suppression paves the way for a wholly reactionary government, then we can be sure that Spain is traveling the German way.

AFTER many weeks of wrangling, the anarchistic coal industry—long ago recognized as the Balkan states of our economy—failed to agree, and a code was consequently drafted by the Recovery Administration to be imposed upon it, with possible slight modifications. Parts of the industry again objected and counter-objected. Some threatened action to test the constitutionality of the law. Meanwhile threats of a general strike in the soft-coal fields, something which the union officials are just as anxious to avoid as are the operators, were spurring on both sides toward an agreement. In its labor sections the draft code is reasonably satisfactory. It holds the gate open to union recognition without necessarily granting a labor monopoly to the United Mine Workers in districts where the miners may prefer some other agency of collective bargaining. It sets

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

standards of wages and hours which are an improvement over present conditions, meanwhile leaving the way open for further gains if a commission established to study the question decides that employment would not be hampered thereby. It definitely requires the use of checkweighmen representing the employees, and forbids employers to require that miners shall live in company houses or trade in company stores as a condition of employment. The differentials in minimum scales among the various districts are perhaps too wide, but are much narrower than those which have prevailed in the past. A machinery for adjustment of disputes is set up, extending from the mine up to the whole industry. In a word, the code aims to safeguard the workers against being made to bear any more of the burden of the industry's disorganization than is absolutely necessary.

THE provisions of the draft code for rehabilitation of the industry itself, however, are far from satisfactory. This part of the document makes provision for separate marketing agencies for each area. Minimum prices may apparently be established by these agencies, under the supervision of the government. But what machinery will put an economic basis under these price minima by dealing with the relationship between supply and demand? Is the coal industry going to go on with surplus production and excess capacity? If so, what will be the effect on prices, and who is going to carry the expense of the excess? It is conceivable that the district agencies may set up quotas for the several mines. But quota systems are tricky things, as the German coal cartel has discovered. Moreover, they are likely to put a premium on the more inefficient units. There are other difficult problems not visualized in this code, such as that of the "captive mines"—those owned by railroads and industries. It is almost safe to predict that any attempt to deal with the disorganization of the industry which does nothing to integrate ownership and management will fail to benefit much. And without such benefit, the possible gains to labor are strictly limited. In view of the recalcitrance of the operators and the unsatisfactory result, it would appear that more than the Recovery Act is needed for coal.

THREE major railway wrecks in the past few weeks, claiming at least twenty-five lives, suggest the possibility of a relationship between such accidents in general and the reduced number of railway workers, particularly section hands and trackwalkers. No one can say with authority that these specific wrecks would have been prevented if larger crews had been inspecting the tracks and bridges and block signals, or if the engineers and trainmen had shorter runs; there are too many possibilities in any accident to permit such simplifications. Yet a study of the statistics of the number of railway employees inevitably suggests that railway travel is more dangerous than it was in the past—unless one accepts the view that many of the section hands who have been discharged were actually unnecessary and were kept on the pay rolls during the period of prosperity only because of the generosity of the railway executives. Among all railway employees, the section hands and trackwalkers—those classified under the heading of maintenance of way—have suffered most in the past four years. By April, 1933, approximately 65 percent of those employed in an average month in 1929 had been dropped, and almost 60 percent of the allied group charged with maintenance of equipment. In the same period only about 25 percent of the group classed as executives lost their jobs, and 40 percent of the professional and clerical workers. About $800 million was spent on maintenance of way and structures in 1929, compared with about $300 million in 1932.

IT IS usually held that these reductions in railway maintenance are justified by the drop in freight and passenger traffic; that repairs on the scale required in 1929 are no longer necessary; that a repair dollar purchases more now than it did in 1929. With regard to reduced traffic, it should be pointed out that deterioration does not depend solely on use; rain falls on the roadbeds and floods swell the rivers as heavily in bad times as in good. The full consequences of neglect are never immediately apparent, and it is possible that the railroads are only beginning to reveal the results of the policy of discharging workers which began on a vast scale in 1929 and which has been continued ever since. If this hypothesis is true, the worst trouble may be expected four or five years from now, particularly if at that time increased business places a greater strain on the tracks and equipment. When one considers that for every hundred workers employed policing the tracks in 1929 there are now about thirty-five, that the total man-hours of all railway employees have dropped—and are still dropping—more rapidly than the total locomotive-miles, all disturbances in the transportation system take on a new significance.

The Hole in Recovery

AS JOHN T. FLYNN points out in his article this week on public works, we cannot have a continuing revival without a much more substantial recovery of the industries making capital or producers' goods than has yet occurred. These industries—which turn out such things as steel, cement, lumber, plumbing supplies, machinery and railroad equipment—play a highly important part in the nation's economy. The employment they normally provide, and the value of their products, are substantial. More important still, they are the ones which fluctuate most widely between prosperity and depression. A general rule, substantially true, is that the closer a business is to the ultimate consumer, the less it shrinks in hard times. Thus, retail trade

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the food industries have held up remarkably well during the past three years. It is in steel, building construction and the like that the greatest incidence of unemployment has been felt. A comparable depression in consumers' goods industries has been seen only in the case of such durable products as automobiles and private houses.

There is a theory that revival can start only in the industries making capital or durable goods. This is probably unsound; some revivals have started with the manufacturers and dealers in perishable things. But it is certainly true that no revival can continue unless it spreads to the heavy industries—if only because these are the industries in which depression is most deeply marked. During June and July, activity in the industries making perishable consumers' goods increased about to the 1923-25 level, in some cases above it. But the heavy industries followed only at a long distance. Steel increased somewhat because of a renewed demand for automobiles, but has since had a relapse. What is the chance for plugging this hole in recovery?

If we knew exactly why the purchase of new producers' goods rises and falls, we should not be far from solving the riddle of the business cycle. But without delving deeply into the complex theory of the cycle, it is possible to outline some of the circumstances favorable to an upswing of investment in these durable commodities. Their prices may be low in relation to the prices which those who buy them expect to receive for their product. (This was the case in 1922.) There may have developed an under-supply of buildings, or railroad equipment, or machinery, which is revealed nearly as soon as the buying of the public begins to increase. Or the general buying movement may rush upward so fast that what formerly looked like a sufficient equipment becomes inadequate. Meanwhile, an increase in consumers' spending may provide a larger market for durable consumers' goods. Back of all these conditions is the assumption that, in a capitalist system, nobody is going to invest in producers' goods unless he thinks he can employ them profitably.

It is clear that an actual or prospective rise in consumers' purchasing power is an essential factor in bringing about increased investment in the things which make what consumers are going to buy. This rise of individuals' purchasing power need not be the first thing which happens in a revival; indeed, it can scarcely be so, since most consumers receive their incomes from producing establishments; employers or owners of capital must move first. Dealers and manufacturers, for instance, having low stocks, may decide to stock up when for some reason they anticipate a rise in prices. This will begin to stimulate employment and the incomes of the buying public. But an essential link in the process is that the consumers must come into the market with their increased earnings, to buy what is being made, to cause reorders, and so to impel the manufacturers and others to demand new means of production.

The attention of the Recovery Administration has been concentrated, correctly, we believe, upon this fact. And there has been some progress in the direction of increased consumer purchasing power. The revival of the textile, shoes and other consumers' goods industries contributed to it. The farmers will receive over $1,000 million more this year than last, by no means all of which will be collected by credit institutions which will fail to put it into circulation again. We have stepped up a little. But so far, the increase in trade is not sufficient to carry over into a demand for new cotton mills, new shoe machinery, new rails and locomotives, new office buildings and apartments. The existing mills, railroads and buildings have been able to supply and handle all the consumers' goods so far required. Where is the additional consumers' demand to come from? At least it cannot come unless the capital-goods industries themselves revive and pour larger pay rolls into the stream of economic activity. We seem, therefore, to be revolving in a vicious circle. The producers' goods industries cannot expand their activity unless the consumers' goods industries need more equipment; these will not need more equipment unless the purchasing power of consumers grows more than it has done, and the purchasing power of consumers cannot continue to grow unless the producers' goods industries expand their activity and so provide more employment.

The best argument for a public-works program is that it helps to break this vicious circle. It directly stimulates the capital-goods industries, without waiting for private demand to do so. The reason it can do this is that it does not depend on speculation for profit. The government does not have to take a chance as to whether the public will wish in the future to compensate it for the expenditures it decides to make, as does a private business man. It can go ahead on a production program, it can command the necessary credit, and it can charge the money cost to the consumer at a later date, when, presumably, the consumer can more easily pay. And it can allocate this cost among those best able to afford it. If all important business were publicly owned, a sufficiently well planned advance of this sort could quickly remove any depression; indeed, depressions themselves would be unnecessary.

But we still have to deal with capitalism, and, as Mr. Flynn points out, the public-works program has lagged. It is not big enough in any case to keep the heavy industries anywhere near busy. And it would be silly to use the basic industries of the country solely to make new post offices, river and harbor improvements and the like, when the needs of the people for ordinary conveniences are far from satisfied. Even the addition of a great housing program, desirable as that is, would not be enough. If the standard of living is to rise appreciably, and prosperity is to continue under capitalism, there must in time be a general demand for capital goods from many industries.

The planners in Washington might well turn their attention now to this aspect of the problem. They

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should, of course, take care, as before, to bolster minimum labor standards and by supporting collective bargaining prepare the way for a fuller sharing by labor in whatever prosperity may come. They should continue to push the upward readjustment of farm purchasing power. They should now exert every effort to get public works and housing started. Without these steps, any other encouragement of new capital investment would be unsound. But they should also see what else can be done to enlarge the production of heavy industries.

One difficulty is the relatively high prices maintained by these industries. They are accustomed to keep their prices up though everything else falls, and no matter how much the demand for their products declines. Steel, for instance, though it has suffered more from reduced output than any other great industry, reduced its prices less. Though the commodity price increases of this year have helped to narrow the discrepancy, it still exists. Economists frequently argue that if these industries cut their prices they would profit by larger volume of sales. But those who control them doubt whether this is so. Experience has taught them that increased volume has come with rising prices rather than the opposite. Meanwhile, consumers of their products cannot afford to buy.

Railroad Coördinator Joseph B. Eastman has a suggestion to break this sort of deadlock. The railroads badly need new rails. But they cannot now afford to buy them. It would be unsound to finance the roads in doing so, at the existing price of rails. But, if the price of rails were sufficiently lowered, the government could see that the roads get the necessary credit, and the industry, under its unitary organization, could agree to place the orders. Thus the steel makers, instead of being advised to gamble on lower prices, can be offered a definite increase in business if they will reduce. There is no reason why this plan cannot be extended to cars, locomotives and other types of railroad equipment. There is no reason why, under government leadership, other industries cannot canvass their needs for replacement of obsolete machinery and buildings, lay out definite programs of expansion and bargain for prices which will render these programs possible.

This implies, of course, that we are embarked on a program of general expansion of production rather than on general restriction. Restriction of output is justified in a few specific instances, but certainly not in all. As a general program, restriction is a counsel of despair and an invitation to universal poverty. This argument also implies that what we are trying to do is not to reproduce inflationary booms of the past which must collapse, but to facilitate a balanced advance, out of which nobody will make extravagant profits, but which may furnish greater security and welfare for all. One may be skeptical whether any government under private ownership of industry can bring such a thing to pass. But certainly any government with the pretensions of the present one can scarcely aim at less.

Cuban Hurricane

THE SECOND revolution (*the* revolution, its supporters call it) disclosed clearly Cuba's trend to the left. Wide popular approval greeted the fall of the de Cespedes government. It had moved too slowly toward constitutional change, proved itself too lenient toward the former henchmen of the dictator, bore too much of a "made in the U. S. Embassy" label, to satisfy the more radical elements among the revolutionaries.

The coup of the sergeants and students indicated also that the revolution is not only further to the left but more fundamentally social than had at first been believed. A new spirit of nationalism is alive in Cuba today. Its aims are still partially confused. But a ground swell of discontent has arisen which cannot be calmed until steps are taken to correct the major economic and social evils afflicting Cuba. The fall of Machado marked not only the end of a political dictatorship, but also the beginning of what promises to become a prolonged and costly social struggle, similar to that of Mexico two decades ago. Apparently there will be a period of disintegration and disorder before stability is again restored. If Washington vetoes for the island this painful privilege of self-determination, intervention will follow.

The peasant and his city brother—discontented and desperate from hunger and privation, but unorganized and largely inarticulate—constitute the main current of the present revolutionary tide. The peasant wants work and bread and land. Save for his relief at the fall of the hated dictator and an occasional wave of resentment against the Yankee, political issues move him little. Labor organization has not touched him. Unrest in the countryside has so far taken the form of sporadic outbreaks. Twenty of Cuba's 130 active sugar mills are now reported to be in the hands of the workers or under managers chosen by labor. In the towns organized labor is still weak after eight years of Machado repression: the unions were broken up, their leaders banished, imprisoned or killed. They are now reforming, but effective organization will take time. The Communists, with all their manifest aggressiveness, represent only a small minority, and seemingly are not yet strong enough to play a major part.

In better position to capture and control the stream of popular discontent are the students and the ABC on one hand, and the old-line politicians on the other. Prominent among the latter are the crafty ex-President Mario Menocal, leader of the Conservatives; Colonel Carlos Mendieta, ex-Liberal and now the dominating figure of the Union Nacionalista; and Miguel Mariano Gomez, formerly mayor of Havana and the present chief of the Popular party. These men are *caudillos* of the old school, and their influences over the masses is not to be discounted. Washington understands them, for they seek a return to Cuban normalcy. This means for the politicians in general (though

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mendieta and Gomez are regarded as personally honest) "liberty to loot," but for the Cuban people continued economic subjection to American capital, and the maintenance without serious modification of the Platt Amendment.

A return to the old corrupt and shameful normalcy is just what the newer groups are determined to prevent. Both the students and the ABC apparently lack any intimate bond with labor or the agricultural masses. Both hold a predominantly liberal and democratic creed, with leanings toward fascist rather than toward communist philosophy. And though both groups head in the same direction, they have not pulled together.

The students display all the uncompromising idealism and arrogance of youth. They are as dogmatic as they are daring. Though the ABC entered into the mediation program of Ambassador Welles, the students refused all participation. It was they who first opposed the Machado dictatorship, and their gallant six-year struggle has won for them a position of influence and leadership unique even in Latin America. The members of the ABC and its affiliated OCRR are, in general, a decade older than the students. Their policy shows less intransigence, more "realism." In the month since Machado's fall the ABC has undergone a remarkable transformation. From a secret society preaching and practising terrorism, it evolved under the de Cespedes regime into one of the strongest bulwarks of public order. In the second revolt its influence was eclipsed by the more radical students.

Aside from their struggles among themselves, the leaders of this new revolutionary Cuba—both old and young—must have an eye out for two other forces whose power is ominous and whose future course as unpredictable as a tropical hurricane. One is the army. The other is the United States. The army has already struck once. It is now divided between officers and men, and promises to breed other storms. It may even tear itself to pieces and in its own disintegration menace the whole country.

Washington signifies a force more firmly governed than the army, yet even farther outside the control of Cuba's leaders. Its military power at this writing has not been formally injected into the Cuban scene. For the avoidance of overt intervention, credit is due both to President Roosevelt and to Secretary Hull. The President's conference at the White House with the diplomatic representatives of Argentina, Brazil, Chile and Mexico, and his assurance to them that the United States is doing all possible to avoid intervention in Cuba, may constitute an important initial step toward the substitution of Pan-American for unilateral action in such emergencies. Washington, it is to be hoped, appreciates fully the enormous costs of intervention. It would doom to sterility the Montevideo Conference, cancel the gains effected by the program of Marine withdrawal from Nicaragua and Haiti, and seriously threaten present negotiations for inter-American trade treaties. Such a step would at once rob of any force the opposition of the United States to the unilateral intervention of Japan in Manchuria, and constitute further a heavy blow, in the present tense state of world relations, to the whole program of international organization for peace.

In spite of this initial forbearance, however, Cuba has by no means been permitted full self-determination in the present crisis. The precipitate dispatch of a large armada, the concentration of Marines, the frequently expressed apprehension in Washington that intervention was imminent, the reported opposition of Mr. Welles to the revolutionary Junta, are all facts which Cubans cannot overlook and will not forget. More flagrant in their eyes even than these moves has been the security accorded the army officers to concentrate and arm in the National Hotel in Havana, where the United States Ambassador has his residence.

Despite good intentions on the part of the administration, the traditional hypocrisy of United States policy toward Cuba has been maintained, and another blow struck at the development of any political self-confidence among the Cubans. While blandly asserting that our hands were off, we have still kept our fingers in the Cuban pie. President Roosevelt has expressed the hope that Cuba "will be able to solve its own difficulties just as we are seeking to solve our difficulties." But the difficulties of Cuba consist largely in its debts to American banks, in the absentee ownership of its public utilities and of the best agricultural land in the island by American capital and in the restriction of the American market for Cuban sugar. They cannot be solved without writing down this debt and without injury to American capital and American sugar growers. In other words, somebody has got to pay the cost of that solution. Any Cuban government that survives will have to depend either on the support of American capital or else on that of its own people. If it depends on its own people and proceeds with the confiscation of American property, will the President hold that such a course is an expression of "law and order"? There is an opportunity here for him to demonstrate the sincerity of his benevolent wish.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1933, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT. DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. N. BRAILSFORD JOHN DEWEY JOHN T. FLYNN
WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD
GILBERT SELDES R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who's Holding Back Public Works?

IT IS PERFECTLY plain now that the public-works program as an instrument of recovery has been actually abandoned, if indeed it was ever seriously accepted by the administration. It has sunk to the place of a mere relief measure—a kind of emergency "make-work" plan to provide jobs as a sort of substitute for the dole, while the other measures of the administration do the actual work of recovery.

To this conclusion I have been forced reluctantly, after a visit to Washington for the purpose of learning what it is that is holding up this most important instrument of recovery. The delay is to be charged to no one but the President himself. I am satisfied that within the limitations imposed on him Secretary Ickes and the organization under him are doing all they can to expedite the actual working of this program. But while the President holds to his present position on the subject no man, no set of men, can do anything about it.

The public has been reading these last few weeks of enormous sums—millions, tens of millions, a grand total of a billion and a half—being poured into public works. But all this means nothing so far as setting real construction in motion is concerned. During the four weeks of August the contracts actually let by the federal government were only one-sixth as large as the awards in the same four weeks last year. And in those days of the bewildered Hoover the Democrats were jumping on him with both feet for his failure to push a public-works program to speed recovery instead of saving busted banks and bankrupt railroads. Last year in the four weeks of August federal contracts let amounted to $4,177,000 a week. This year in the same time they amounted to $732,000 a week.

This will be a source of profound alarm to those who believe that the indispensable condition of recovery is the revival of the capital-goods industries, the most important of which is the construction business. The seriousness of it is all the more disturbing in view of the fact that state and municipal construction has fallen off at an alarming pace. It is only about half what it was a year ago. And at the same time the private-construction industry has failed to move out of its doldrums. An immense amount of ballyhoo is used in the newspapers to pretend that building-construction recovery has set in. Soon after this is printed the figures on building construction for August will be published. They will show that residential and commercial construction, which had a slight bulge in July, has declined again. And of course we now are about to move into the winter season when all forms of building construction—roads, engineering projects and residential building—necessarily lag.

But badly as private, state and municipal construction has fallen off, the greatest slump has been in federal construction, about which there has been so much talk and which was supposed to lead the way toward a revival of the capital-goods industries. This is the state of things after six months of a new administration which was supposed to be, in theory at least, committed to a campaign of public works as an instrument of recovery. Had the President driven forward vigorously for the necessary powers for a public-works campaign when he took office in March, we should see the building industry revived today—and perhaps a million men at least, if not more, at work directly as a result of its activity and many more as an indirect fruit.

Instead the President put his trust in the N.R.A. as the chief engine of recovery. Even if the N.R.A. were to succeed it would not be an instrument of recovery. It would, if we accept the theories of its own supporters, tend to distribute more evenly the fruits of industry and prevent the collapse of business after it is reëstablished. But recovery depends on the infusion of fresh supplies of income into the economic blood stream. These fresh supplies come chiefly always from the capital-goods industry—that is, the building industry and the heavy-machinery industry. Both these sections of business are now paralyzed, at their lowest ebb in years with almost no sign of recovery in sight. Had the President six months ago launched the machinery for public works and government financial aid to private construction, the stimulus to industry would now be felt in full vigor. Instead, just as a feeling of disillusionment begins to spread around about the failure of the so-called magic of the N.R.A., the supporting and reënforcing strength of public works is absent.

To illustrate the indifference of the administration to this means of recovery it is necessary to look at a brief bit of recent history. The demand for public works is not new. It was accepted and proclaimed in theory by Herbert Hoover even before he became President. After the crash struck the country in 1929 and it became apparent that we were having something more than a mere "readjustment," the agitation for public works was revived. Many men called for a bond issue of $5,000 million for the purpose. In the Seventy-first Congress—that is, in 1930—the Democratic minority leader, John Garner, brought the matter forward in Congress. He introduced a bill to provide for the immediate construction of some six thousand public buildings. Garner, of course, had no idea of having all these buildings approved. He merely included all the numerous current proposals for buildings for the purpose of getting matters started. It was his plan to have the necessary departments and committees go through the list and by a process of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

elimination arrive at the final number to be constructed.

In the Senate, Senator Robert Wagner among the Democrats and Senator La Follette among the insurgent Republicans were demanding an immediate launching of a public-works program. This was three years ago. Always, of course, the old and perhaps well justified cry of pork was raised. Many people were afraid we would build an unnecessary post office or two or pay, perhaps, $300,000 for a $200,000 federal building. Yet all the time we continued to pay out hundreds of millions for relief. In these three years we have spent $5,000 million in relief—from federal, state and municipal and private sources—to say nothing of the other costs of the depression, and for these $5,000 million we have not got even one $200,000 post office.

In due time Garner's bill took shape in a measure which directed the construction of 942 public buildings. This number was arrived at by numerous, endless eliminations, as a result of many committee meetings and conferences with department heads. Congress in the seventy-second session, under Herbert Hoover, passed a bill directing the building of these 942 public buildings. It appropriated the money for them. The Treasury Department and the Post Office Department and other departments were ready to go ahead. There was $115 million in money in the Treasury for the purpose when Franklin D. Roosevelt came into office. There was another $33 million there for similar appropriations in river and harbor construction. This was all settled. Hoover had signed the bills. The responsibility had been assumed by Congress and it had ordered the work to begin.

One of the first acts of Mr. Roosevelt's administration was abruptly to put an end even to this. At the advice of Mr. Lewis Douglas, his new budget director, this money was impounded by the Treasury Department and the whole public-buildings program was practically scrapped. While a lot of talk was going on about what the administration was going to do, it actually not only did nothing, but undid all that the Democratic House of Representatives had forced from the unwilling Hoover. The President has been in office for six months and up to this good minute not one of these 942 buildings has even been contracted for. The $148 million appropriated for these buildings and harbor projects was transferred by the President to his C.C.C.—Civilian Conservation Corps—for forest-rehabilitation work. It would have been possible for the President to obtain separate funds for this purpose. This work, whatever its value, could have gone forward and the public-buildings program as well. But that was scrapped by the President.

To this it may be replied that the Public Works Administration was opposed to putting up unnecessary buildings; that this program included a lot of post offices to please congressmen and congressional districts. The answer is that the Public Works Administration does not know anything about these projects. It has never yet examined them. It has examined some of them and approved thirty-one, leaving the others to be examined all over again. What is more, the Public Works Administration did not have the responsibility in this field. Congress had acted even to appropriating the money. The Public Works Administration, at the direction of the President, has seized jurisdiction over these measures and vetoed the final commands of Congress. I predict that it will have to answer for this when Congress reassembles. What is more, I predict also that in the end it will be forced to approve practically all of these projects and a great many more besides. On the desk of the Secretary right now are projects for post offices alone totaling over $700 million, a fact which shows that these $115 million of public buildings are not excessive. And only last week the Treasury Department approved 638 projects—all post offices, I believe—and forwarded their approval to the Public Works Administration. The P.W.A. and the President have done nothing but delay all this.

A great deal of publicity has been given to the fact that the P.W.A. has already allocated, after only six weeks of functioning, $1,500 million for various projects.

The answer to this is quite obvious. First of all, why has it been functioning for only six weeks? The administration has been in power for six months. The President sidetracked the whole public-works program until Congress was nearing adjournment. He did not push it through until June 21. That is nearly three months ago. Then he committed the whole project to a small group of men with little enthusiasm and a collection of cautions about "pork" that would frighten any man who did not possess an independent and assured reputation before the public. For a full month things just drifted along. The President put the full force of his enthusiasm back of the circus which is being conducted by General Johnson. It was not until about six weeks ago, when the program seemed to be creeping slowly toward the wastebasket, that he turned it over to Secretary of the Interior Ickes. And since that time the Secretary, amid a multitude of other duties, has struggled valiantly to push it forward.

In the next place that total of $1,500 million which is supposed to have been allocated is subject to a good deal of trimming. The truth about the matter is that practically a billion of this had already been allocated by Congress or the President, and was merely hanging in the air waiting for the tardy approval of the P.W.A. authority. For instance, Congress in the P.W.A. act set aside $400 million for loans to states for roads. That sum could have been made available three months ago—in June—so that it could be infused into industry during the road-building season. The President set aside $238 million for the navy. Congress allocated $100 million for farm credits and another $25 million for subsistence homesteads. The P.W.A. had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nothing to do with these allocations. It had, in respect to the roads, a mere ministerial duty to perform. Another $50 million for the Tennessee Valley project, $48 million for Boulder Dam and $50 million for work in the public domain all are the result of appropriations by Congress and required nothing more than rubber-stamping by the P.W.A. These total $911 million. At least another $70 million of projects approved are nothing more than appropriations to finish work begun under congressional acts a long time ago and now actually in progress, such as flood control, river and harbor projects and $20 million for thirty-one buildings of those 942 I have been talking about. All this makes up about a billion dollars. Since the P.W.A. has approved up to the time I write $1,400 million of projects, it will be seen that the new projects which it has authorized do not exceed $400 million. Its chief function, or rather the chief function of the President in relation to it—for it is on his shoulders I place the responsibility—has been not to authorize or advance, but to hold up and delay these projects.

When all is said and done no one need look for much real contribution to the effort toward recovery from all of these measures. The opportunity has been frittered away. When I was in Washington the latest report of men actually working on roads was 5,900. There were perhaps another 10,000 employed in the industries behind the lines making road material, etc. If the program had been pushed we could have 85,000 men directly at work on roads and another 170,000 at work in the contributory industries. On Muscle Shoals, it was predicted when the bill was passed that 5,000 men would be at work by July 1. We are two and half months beyond that date and practically no one is employed there. On the Cove Creek project about 200 men are employed making plans. These will take six months and no bids can even be asked for until after these plans are completed. And on top of all this the winter is close at hand, when through all the northern and western country road work and construction work are almost impossible. As things stand the grand opportunity for public works which so many looked forward to has been thrown away and only a very little aid from it can be expected before next spring.

I have spoken briefly in the beginning of the apparent collapse of the capital-goods industries. The situation is indeed serious. It was the revival of building construction which brought us out of the 1920-21 depression following the War. One has but to look at the rising curve of building permits which pushed up the curve of business activity. It is easy to find on the old charts now the precise point at which business started up. In February, 1921, building contracts awarded amounted to $100 million. The following month they were $164 million. In April they were $220 million. They continued to grow all through the building season into the late fall. The following year this was repeated on a large scale. In February, 1922, building contracts awarded amounted to $177 million. In March they were $293 million. In April they were $362 million. It was just at these points that the lift to business was given and it continued as long as building construction held up and the other capital-goods industries continued to function.

This lift was due to various causes. One was the pasage in New York City of the tax-exemption law on private dwellings in order to stimulate home building. The effect of that law in starting building was almost miraculous, whatever other criticisms of it could be made. Besides this the country was launched on a tremendous era of theatre building as a result of the rise of the movies. There were several other contributing causes. The appalling factor in our present situation is that there is not present, apparently, a single impetus to building save the liquor industry (and this is quite small). Our total of building in July was $82,693,000, which represents a drop of $20 million from last year. In August the volume will turn out to be around $100 million, or about what it was in June and still $28 million less than in August, 1932. Residential building has begun to fall off. It was less in August than in July. Non-residential, or commercial, building has also fallen off. It was at least 20 percent less in August than in July. Both types will undoubtedly continue to decline, so that however rapidly the government comes forward with its tardy projects they will not be sufficient to take up the slack in private building.

At the same time the capital-goods industries are declining. Production of heavy machinery lags almost to the vanishing point. And now the steel industry is getting over its all too brief spree. Six weeks ago, when General Johnson was riding the Blue Eagle through the skies and mingling his bass notes with the screams of the bird, the newspapers played up daily the glorious news of the mounting operations of the steel mills. You do not see so much of that now. The decline is being chronicled in obscure columns of the back pages. The steel mills were operating at 57 percent of capacity some weeks ago. But they have been slowing up steadily until now they are down to 45 percent. The rate will be even lower by the time this is printed. What is more, most of the work in the steel mills was the production of steel for consumption. The bulk of the product was being taken by automobile makers and by canning companies and not by heavy-machinery or structural-steel users.

The reason for the languor in Washington in the public-works program is obvious. The President is very properly afraid of scandals. These cautions he has communicated to Secretary Ickes and they have in turn descended to the entire

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

personnel of the Public Works department. Of course, I have a genuine sympathy for this point of view. I know well enough the appetite of business men, and particularly of builders, for graft. Caution in awarding contracts is important. But this can be carried to a point where it ceases to be caution and becomes terror. Also it can be carried into fields where it does not belong. Where money is to be loaned to cities or states, the P.W.A. ought to be sure that the project is reasonably sound, that the price is reasonably proper, that the credit and authority of the borrower are established. To carry the investigation into minute consideration of whether the city ought to build that project, whether it is economically justified, etc., is not the function of the P.W.A. It has only to determine whether the loan the government is to make is good, and whether the money will flow quickly into construction. There is no use trying to reform the land laws or get rid of grafting real-estate sellers. No one despises this system more than I do. But we have allowed it to grow up. I have damned it as much as anyone; but here it is. And if we are going to put up buildings we will have to take it as it is.

This building program is a measure designed to meet a foe—a powerful foe—which has hovered just in our midst now for four years, wearing us down until we are arrived at a critical point. Another collapse would be a thing to be dreaded. And another collapse is not at all to be brushed aside. I am sorry to say that it is, in my judgment, imminent. The plan to put $3,300 million into public works was a step in the right direction, but only a step. That is not enough. It would not be enough if it were doubled. All the time we are fretting about paying too much for a post office or a water works, we are handing out hundreds of millions to men and women and getting absolutely nothing in return. It would be infinitely better if we routed this money into industry and attempted to get it functioning again. There is no way to do this save to erect the Public Works Administration into a separate unit and to put at the head of it men of such high standing that they will be able to accept the responsibility for swift action without depending on the endless red tape in which it is essential to hobble subordinates.

The government has been calling on cities and states to hurry. But it is foolish for the P.W.A. to be yelling for haste from cities and private operators while the government itself is guilty of sloth. Even after projects have been approved they have been tied up for as much as thirty days in an unfriendly and even hostile comptroller general's department. All this will continue until the President himself develops some enthusiasm for this movement. When he puts an end to the sniping at the public-works program which goes on in various departments; when he gives the signal for full speed ahead; when he becomes convinced that the success of everything else he has attempted is dependent on the vigorous pressing forward of this; when he puts behind the plans the full force of his own stimulating personality, then and not until then will there be hope for any aid from a real program of public works.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

The Significance of Sections

REGIONALISM has been ignored or denied by recent Marxian critics in their summaries of American life and literature. Mr. Calverton is emphatic. "The nationalism, therefore, which industry had brought into being, diffused itself over the nation as a whole, extending from its political periphery to its cultural center. . . . The day of the North, and the South, and the West as separate cultural entities was over—over at least except for the die-hards. . . . The new emphases upon regionalism and sectionalism belong to the past and not to the future. . . ." As for the "new regionalists," Mr. Calverton says, "Although there is no objection to their absorbing the spirit of their region, the climate, the customs, the speech, the problem that faces American literature today goes deeper than those factors." American life, as he sees it, may be summed up in a pair of sentences. "From one end of the country to the other industry was standardizing ways of labor, ways of education, ways of thought, ways of life. . . . Main Street has become very much the same in almost every part of the nation." In this sweeping standardization, these highly generalized ways of living, Mr. Calverton sees a basis for both literature and revolution.

But if a revolutionist were to speak in Harmony, Maine, in Lowell, Michigan, in Florence, Alabama, in Elmcreek, Nebraska, in Grass Valley, California, he would find strikingly different acceptances and resistances in his several audiences—provided he was able to set up communication with them—or he might discover these if he sauntered or sojourned for a while along the several Main Streets and listened intensively in drugstores and sat in farmhouses roundabout. Even if revolution starts in a tenth-floor loft in New York or in the textile mills of a Southern village or a plant on the River Rouge, a knowledge of these regional differences would seem essential for the enterprise of initiating the class struggle on any broad scale.

So far as social coherences have developed among

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

us, these seem to have appeared mainly in geographic sections; and they have been shown for the most part in that class with which the Marxian is most concerned. Call this the folk or the proletariat as you like: the two have been pretty consistently identified in all countries. Much of our folklore lies as deeply buried as though it belonged to the Aztecs, because of our pathological indifference to our own past and because we have expected to achieve a mature, full-blown and aristocratic literature at a stroke. But enough has been revealed to indicate that we have a deeply rooted, widespread folk expression—regional in character, some of it quite explicitly proletarian in sentiment. When Mr. Calverton discounts the spirit of a region, its customs, folklore and native speech, he is thus throwing away a means of understanding (for purposes of revolution) our apparently standardized but deeply divided and enigmatic native life. He is ignoring the basis from which such a revolutionary literature can develop as he believes to be fundamental. He is also suggesting that literatures are created by a miracle.

All literatures have been based upon the slow accretions of folk elements. Through these a common medium is finally established—a language with commonly understood overtones and subtle implications, and also those broad distinctive underlying patterns of thought and feeling which at last make for form. Mr. Hicks and Mr. Calverton argue that American literature will receive form, order, significance from an application of Marxian ideas; and there is no doubt that these do cast a penetrating light across almost any group of writings one may choose, or any mass of material. But so does any closely integrated theory concerned with human behavior: the Freudian theory accomplishes the same result for many readers. The mistake is to consider that a literature—and perhaps a revolution—can take flight from an intellectual synthesis, and to ignore the humble influences of place and kinship and common emotion that accumulate through generations to shape and condition a distinctive native consciousness.

It would seem that the chaos and scantiness of our literature can be explained on other grounds than the absence of the Marxian principle; and our formal expression can hardly be said to have been Marxist at all until recently. Too much may be read into some of our small literary beginnings. If "Maggie, A Girl of the Streets" is a herald of revolution, then Defoe set up the red flag long ago in "Moll Flanders." Surely a preoccupation with poor people, or the flavor of bitterness—as in "A Son of the Middle Border"—does not necessarily promise a class struggle. Mr. Hicks believes that the Marxian pattern was foreshadowed in the work of Howells; he says that Howells realized he was "depicting a nation in the throes of revolution." Was the nation in the throes of revolution in the era of Tweed, Fisk, Hill, Lucky Baldwin and all the long succession of big buccaneers? One can argue that the nation simply tagged along, intoxicated by the sense of scale and daring. And if Howells, viewing revolution, could produce only the gentle utopianism of "A Traveler from Altruria" or such a dwindling piece of talk as "A Hazard of New Fortunes," then he deserves nothing but scorn, for he had an unusual command of the resources of fiction and a knowledge of the American character hardly equaled by any other writer of his long period.

Talk of revolution was in the air, it is true—mostly talk. Having a genius for seizing effects in that light medium, Howells caught and tried to use these in "A Hazard" for the solution of a problem that continually vexed him. The key lies in certain of his statements in "Criticism and Fiction." "There are few places, few occasions among us," he said, "in which a novelist can get a large number of polite people together. . . . We excel in small pieces with three or four figures, or in studies of rustic communities where there is propinquity if not society. Our grasp of more urbane life is feeble; most attempts to assemble it in our pictures are feeble because it is too transitory, too intangible in its nature with us to be truthfully represented as really existent." This sounds snobbish, but Howells was no snob. He was a novelist of manners—not of revolution. His admiration for Jane Austen is a sign, as was his effort to use Jane Austen's touch and technique in portraying American life. But he could not find the play of manners in sufficient abundance to form a subject. In fact, he could not discover the full materials of the novelist at all. The nub of a very far-reaching idea lies in his phrase "propinquity if not society," which has a bearing upon interpretation of the American novel and perhaps even of our literature as a whole. It may have force in relation to designs of social alteration.

The novel seems to be rooted in highly developed collective experience. In all literatures it has appeared only after the nationalistic sense has become articulate, as racial identities have grown positive, as small social unities have been established, and groups have come to feel common bonds because of long settlement together or because of common fortunes. Social unity may be in decay as in Proust; perhaps some of the greatest novels have taken their subjects at a crest, in a moment when social alteration is about to occur, but even then profound social coherences will have formed the essential basis. Situation must be deeply and naturally set within the social matrix if it is to be more than a shallow contrivance. Character can derive final depth and dimension only from a perception of social relationships and typical qualities. And these effects come into view only after slow growth, layer upon layer. If the novelist lacks them his whole piece is likely to go wrong because of false or trival superimposition of language, style and large pattern. He never really finds his subject.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The novel has risen slowly in all literatures. With us its late, straggling appearance has been inevitable because a genuinely social or collective life could not develop in the midst of the turbulent action of occupying a continent. We have had propinquities, not societies. James found his characters within established societies abroad, and so solved the essential problem. Howells was beaten at the start. He could only piece together a general social outline from scraps, usually by setting small, quite disparate social groups side by side, as in "Silas Lapham" and "The Lady of the Aroostook," and then assuming that the pieces would belong together because of a final act of marriage. In "A Hazard of New Fortunes" all the people grouped about the little magazine were notably rootless, and Howells thinly bound them together by talk of revolution, with an abortive bit of action. How artificial the binder was is proved by the fact that no fiery force was generated by which to satirize either the pitiful editor or the pitiful esthetic magazine; and indeed Howells used talk of art and artists—a great sophomoric wash of it—almost as consistently as talk of revolution in an effort to join the bits together.

The predicament of Howells was that of most American novelists who have come after him. Chaos, uncertainty, incompletion have belonged to them, not for lack of a guiding economic theory but because of a widespread social incompletion. The best of Howells is in inlaid fragments that might more naturally have made tales, sketches, chronicles; and these were regional for the most part in origin. In regional life he could find at least the rudiments of the novelist's materials. There were the broken outlines of social coherences. The regional type was often clear when the individual native character remained inscrutable because its elements were too new, too deeply dissociated from common experience to be drawn in all dimensions. But that even regional traditions could not then suffice is suggested by "The Leatherwood God," which lacks fire, violence, earthiness. Perhaps a novelist of manners was not fitted to portray a primitive religionist in a primitive community: in any case these phenomena were new and radical and strange for the short perspective. And when the American novelist has turned to those looser deposits of social life that have existed in cities the same problems have appeared in multiple forms. Dreiser's struggle with style may stand as a symbol of effort against almost impossible odds, for he has often charted the large way of the novel through aspects of an urban life which had barely taken shape.

With a number of magnificent beginnings American literature has had few sequences; and almost consistently these sequences have been associated with regions or sections. These may not provide our ultimate achievement in literature, but they have made a significant groundwork. Even the local-color school of the seventies and eighties was much more than local; it was regional or sectional, and its ancestry reached back through many continuous lines into early folk and informal literature. This literature has indeed been a wellspring from which many streams have flowed. The work of many a latter-day regionalist appears as a concentration and an enlargement of its materials. New England portraiture has often seemed to draw upon an antecedent Yankee lore. Such novelists as Erskine Caldwell and Grace Lumpkin follow from long regional ancestries. The Florida scrub is several hundred miles from an equally strange region, the Shakes of Tennessee, where David Crockett spent much of his life, but the early alliances between these places were many, and the twists of mind and speech, the hunting habits, the drift of life as revealed in "South Moon Under," are extraordinarily close to those that have come down to us with the Crockett legend. Nor can these effects be ranked as mere "survivals" when beneath ancient occupations and rituals a permanent fabric of character and social interaction is seen to endure, making part of the stubborn variety that seems to linger with us in spite of standardization.

In the stress given to Turner's theory as to the influence of the frontier, his complementary theory as to the significance of sections has been generally overlooked. He found that the natural character of geographic sections had determined the location of stocks, and that inherited customs, institutions and ways of looking at the world in the sections have continuously been shown in political life and popular opinion.

> The states have been declining and are likely to diminish in importance in our politics; but the group of states called sections are likely to become more significant as the state declines. A new governmental organization seems to be evolving, not by theory but by pressure of solid geographic realities and by economic interests. . . . I make the suggestion that, as the nation reaches a more stable equilibrium, a more settled state of society, with denser populations pressing upon the means of subsistence, with this population no longer migratory, the influence of the diverse physiographic provinces which make up the land will become more marked. . . . Sharper sectional conflicts . . . are likely to accompany the settling down of population, the completer revelation of the influence of physical geography.[1]

Turner believed that a way would have to be found for "recognition of the geographic section as an integral part of the national machinery."

Sharp sectional cleavages have appeared recently in relation to the St. Lawrence Waterway, the Tennessee and Columbia River developments, the revolt of the farmers in the debtor states. This last not only suggests the force of an established regionalism but it seems to deny a further argument of the

[1] The Significance of Sections, by Frederick Jackson Turner. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 356 pages. $3.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marxist critics, that agrarianism is dead, overwhelmed by industrialism—completing the process of standardization. Agrarianism cannot be quite dead when the most overt attack upon the existing order in the present debacle has been made by farmers, and when in the midst of the process of settling down—intensified recently—the most definite migrations have been back to the farm. The truth is that we cannot say whether or not agrarianism is dead because we do not know in full the principles of its growth in this country, or the lines of its continuity, or the extent to which these are related to the more stable elements in the American character. Thirty years ago Turner called for full histories of agrarianism and of land ownership. These are still unwritten, yet they would seem essential for any thoroughgoing discussion of the social order in a country settled for the most part by land-hungry peoples.

Turner's fertile intelligence laid out dozens of problems essential for an understanding of the American past and future, and it is a curious and disturbing experience to see how many of these still lie untouched. Others can be added under the undoubted stimulus offered by the Marxian critics. Our famous individualism, born of the frontier and now theoretically outmoded—did it ever really exist? When the solitary pioneer set out for the West he was moved by one of the deepest mass intoxications known to the modern world; he was casting himself into a mold into which thousands of others were flowing. Individualism is supposed to have been furthered by the influence of the evangelical sects on the frontier because of their emphasis upon the individual conscience: but this was certainly offset by the mass action—and it *was* action—of the revival. Has laissez-faire as it has existed among us anything in common with individualism or has it been another form of mob intoxication? Can the mob spirit be transformed into the collective spirit? And if genuine collective patterns have been sustained among us, where do they lie deepest, with what special allegiances and adaptabilities? And again, what thwarting collective prejudices must be met?

These are burning questions, not only for judgment as to our special forms of social chaos but for literature. The answers may uncover obscure but essential phases of the native character and unravel further some of those deep-lying traditions from which literatures develop. We have only begun to touch our full inheritance, and the nationalist approach has created many a myth that needs explosion. The scale has often been too large. An approach through the life and history of sections can provide those concrete evidences which stir the creative faculties, and can make a sound basis for action. Such an approach is conservative in the root sense of the word, as binding together and offering for use our obscure, hard-won collective accomplishment. Losing what we have, we could become too deeply disintegrated as a people for natural expression and for any kind of social order.

CONSTANCE ROURKE.

A New Radical Party

WHAT HAVE we been doing for the last four years? We've been fiddling while Rome burns!" That's the way a delegate from the Minnesota farm country put it at the United Conference for Progressive Political Action. He wasn't talking about Big Business and he wasn't talking about the government. He was talking about the radicals. And perhaps for the first time those words were being spoken to a conference of radicals who could (and did) agree with him.

This conference met in Chicago on September 2 and 3. It was called by the League for Independent Political Action and it included representatives of farmers' organizations, unemployed leagues, trade unions, radical and progressive parties, technocratic clubs, teacher and student organizations. Its purpose was to lay the groundwork for the launching of a united radical political party made up of all elements which feel they are being exploited by our system of competition for private profit, all elements which feel (or can be convinced in American terms) that they stand to gain by public ownership of all our natural and industrial resources.

Such conventions have met before. Many of the delegates were hardened convention-trotters. As the meeting opened they yawned. There was a perfect hurricane of speeches. Liberals talked and scolded. Radicals expostulated and shook their fingers. Farmers gave ominous reports of the N.R.A. and of their impending strike. General Coxey sat in the back of the hall and silently passed out his familiar leaflets. One man even got up and defended the capitalist system. There were bedlam, confusion, personal bitterness; nobody thought after that first morning that anything could come out of this convention, and those who spent the afternoon gaping and recoiling down the nightmarish avenues of the World's Fair thought that a Century of Progress was probably due to continue for a good while yet.

But that night something happened. A banquet was held at which five of the delegates were scheduled to speak. The rostrum did not include the outstanding speakers of the morning session. It did not include Anthony Ramuglia, fiery little leader of a million organized unemployed. It did not include Judge Wirds, the mountainous, brawny leader

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Iowa farmers who had made a smashing speech in the morning about the piddling inadequacy of Roosevelt's Farm Bill. It did not include Bill Truax, organizer of the Ohio unemployed, who had said, "We may not be communists, but in a time like this we're either red or yellow!" It did not include the grizzled J. B. S. Hardman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, who had won everybody's affection by his humorous and timely speeches, or young Alfred Bingham, son of ex-Senator Hiram Bingham and editor of Common Sense. The liberal leaders, Paul Douglas, Oswald Garrison Villard and William Mahoney, mayor of St. Paul, had spoken. The delegates were listening and wondering; there was mild applause followed by a respectful silence. Then the last speaker rose.

Thomas R. Amlie of Wisconsin, former member of Congress and a product of the La Follette school of practical politics, not only delivered an extemporaneous speech that electrified the delegates by the brilliance of its interpretation of our economic debacle—he provided the answer to the question radicals have been asking throughout the past four years of bitter defeat and disillusionment: Where is the leader capable of inspiring the confidence and arousing the emotions of the American people? Amlie is of Norwegian-American stock, tall, broad-shouldered, with features that might have been chiseled out of the granite of his native state. His analysis was Marxian without being obscure or doctrinaire. He spoke slowly and carefully in short, homely, sharp-clipped sentences that gave an overwhelming impression of sincerity and intellectual precision. From that moment the Conference assumed a very different character.

In his address Amlie had sent up a "trial balloon" in the form of a proposed Twenty-second Amendment to the United States Constitution. It ran as follows:

> Sec. 1. Upon the ratification of this article, the absentee ownership of any industrially useful article by any person or persons not habitually employed in the industrial use thereof, is hereby disallowed within the United States and within all territory subject to its jurisdiction.
>
> Sec. 2. Any provision of any law, state or federal, in conflict with this article is hereby declared inoperative.
>
> Sec. 3. Congress shall have the power, and it shall be the duty of Congress, to set up machinery for the administration of said property in which absentee ownership has been canceled for the common welfare of the people of the United States.

Amlie went on to say that "The adoption of this amendment would result in leaving everyone in possession of his home, his personal effects, or his farm if worked by himself. It would restore these things to millions of our people who have been dispossessed of them by the system. It would leave to be scientifically administered the natural resources and productive machinery of the nation for the benefit of all the people, by gearing productive capacity to consumptive capacity, and would result in a universal standard of living such as is now only enjoyed by the rich."

The Platform Committee had already drawn up a program for the new organization which was about to be created. This platform included a national insurance scheme, public ownership of the natural resources as well as of railroads, banks, public utilities, mines and agencies for marketing farm produce, governmental monopoly of foreign trade and the restoration of unearned wealth to the community. Amlie's proposal was referred to the newly formed Committee on Action for consideration as a possible substitute platform.

The organization formed was called temporarily the "Farmer Labor Political Federation." Its function will be to call a mass convention in the near future and not later than July 4, 1934, to complete the formation of a national Farmer Labor party. In the meantime the Action Committee is empowered to consolidate the strength of the Farmer Labor Political Federation by building up a body of individual party members and seeking the affiliation of already organized farmers' associations, labor unions, existing radical and progressive political parties, as well as radical white-collar and professional groups.

The Committee on Action, moreover, will draw up a final platform (subject of course to the mass convention ratification), write a party constitution for the Federation, seek finances and enroll members both individually and by organizations. This committee includes forty individuals, not all of whom are yet chosen. Among those already named by the convention for the committee were John Dewey, honorary chairman; Thomas R. Amlie, chairman; Alfred M. Bingham, executive secretary; Howard Y. Williams, J. B. S. Hardman, Anthony Ramuglia, Stephen Raushenbush, Paul Blanshard, William R. Truax, John F. Wirds, Paul H. Douglas, Franklin P. Wood, J. Stitt Wilson, Estelle M. Sternberger, Walter Edwin Peck, Hjalmar Petersen, Alfred Dale and Francis Henson.

So strong was the temper of the delegates for the *immediate* launching of the new party that the leaders had considerable difficulty in restraining what would have been a premature development. This was particularly noticeable after the speech of a girl unemployed organizer who told the conference how she had hitch-hiked from Columbus, Ohio, with twenty-one cents in her pocket. The division into left and right-wing elements, which is always the feature of such preliminary conventions, crystallized in a furious debate over Paul Douglas's motion to exclude Communist-party members from the new Farmer Labor Political Federation. Within fifteen minutes this identical motion was both overwhelmingly defeated and overwhelmingly passed, depending in each case only on the vigor of the speeches which were made pro and con.

The Socialist-party members who were present

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wanted to know how this conference differed from the Continental Congress which they had called in Washington on May 6. Two of them got up at the beginning and said that it did not differ at all and that it therefore had no excuse for its existence. These speakers remained silent on the second day. The Continental Congress had been so overwhelmingly spiked with Socialist-party members that every attempt to introduce a resolution advocating the formation of a united radical party of the people had failed. Some of the delegates had actually been policed from the floor for circulating such a petition. In the second place the Continental Congress had formed only a federated group to continue after it; no individual membership had been allowed outside of the Socialist party.

Many of the delegates at the United Conference for Progressive Political Action had come to the former, the Continental Congress, with high hopes. After the first day in Chicago most of them felt that the performance of Washington was going to be repeated. But so far as the question of launching a new party goes, the delegates went home well satisfied. After the developments of the final day, everyone knew that the question had become a purely academic one. To be sure, the way has been still left open for the inclusion of this group or that, but for all practical purposes a radical third party of farmers, labor, white-collar and professional groups is under way.

SELDEN RODMAN.

Washington Notes

Internal Injuries in the N.R.A.—The Bankers' Strike—Credit for Industry—The Coming Struggle for Markets

DURING the last ten days, the staff of the N.R.A. has been convulsed by the open-shop issue. For newspaper correspondents, it has been a tense, nervous period. There is hardly an important member of the N.R.A. whose resignation, at one time or another, has not been reported. General Johnson, particularly since the departure of his friend Mr. Dudley Cates, has aged noticeably. Nevertheless, I find it hard to believe that we are at last standing at Armageddon, and that the future of unionism in America is being forever fixed. In my opinion, the significance of these internal struggles of the N.R.A. has been exaggerated. The position taken in these Notes for weeks past has been that (1) the whole logic of the N.R.A. inescapably points toward the unionization of all basic industries but that (2) the speed with which unionization is brought about depends almost solely upon the militancy displayed by the rank and file of labor itself. These are the basic factors involved. For example, in the men's clothing and cloak-and-suit industries, where the workers are extremely militant and possess skilled leadership, the adoption of N.I.R.A. codes has resulted in immense gains for unionism. In contrast, take the steel industry. There, because of the activities of the steel companies' private police, the workers have been unable to show militancy, and the adoption of the N.I.R.A. code has brought, as yet, no gains whatever for unionism. What matters at the present time, in short, is not the latest interpretation of Section 7a (the labor clause) of the N.I.R.A. by General Johnson or Mr. Richberg, but the speed and aggressiveness with which union organization can be carried forward in factories, mills and mines. For that reason, nothing which has happened here in Washington these last few days seems to me so significant as the news that the infant Auto Workers' Union has completed organization of the St. Louis Chevrolet plant of General Motors. The Auto Workers' Union is now protesting to the N.R.A. against the alleged discharge of one hundred union members from the St. Louis plant. I hope the protest of the union leaders will be long, loud and incessant and, if need be, that they will send a delegation of the discharged union members to Washington to camp in the N.R.A. offices in the Commerce Building. It will be labor action of this kind, rather than any detached, ambiguous phrase in a speech of General Johnson, which will decide the fate of unionism under the N.R.A.

Observers here regard the struggle now in progress between the administration and the American Bankers' Association as of great political, as well as economic, importance. They point out that, except for the Communists, no coherent, articulate opposition to Mr. Roosevelt has before existed. The leaders of the big farm organizations and the leaders of the A.F. of L. have been frantically in favor of the New Deal. Among employers, a considerable number have accepted N.I.R.A. codes with hope and relief as, for example, employers in the textile, clothing and oil industries. Most employers, it is true, have disliked the codes, but even among the most intransigent—with the sole, anticipated exception of Henry Ford—no one has yet dared square off and defy the administration. According to rumor, the great Myron C. Taylor, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, wept indignant tears on the shoulder of every newspaper publisher in New York, but he nevertheless signed the steel code as indicated. The bankers are the first important group encountered by Mr. Roosevelt to show itself unconverted and uncowed. At the convention last week at Chicago of the American Bankers' Association, spokesman after spokesman earnestly announced the undying opposition of the banking guild to Mr. Roosevelt, General Johnson and all their works. Despite the seeming ardor with which the rest of the nation has embraced the administration and the New Deal, observers here believe there still remains a large store of latent opposition. The timorous and fearful normally constitute a majority in every country, and observers believe that the boldness of the Roosevelt program has alarmed wide blocs of voters. If the spokesmen for the American Bankers' Association were not bluffing, and the bankers really mean war against the administration, they may succeed in gathering support from all sorts of obscure, reactionary sources. Particularly this will be the case if the business-activity index does not show a marked advance in the remainder of this month, and if unemployment fails to drop.

Mr. Roosevelt will never fight if he can avoid it. But if a fight is forced on him by the bankers, I should not be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

surprised if he deals some very nasty blows. In his inaugural address, you may remember, he spoke with great bitterness of the need of scourging money-changers from the Temple. At the present moment, Mr. Roosevelt has two grievances against bankers. He knows that the idea of a commodity dollar, to which he is personally devoted, is anathema to the banking world, and he likewise has convinced himself that banking opposition has become a deadly obstacle to the N.R.A. campaign. One of Mr. Roosevelt's favorite stories, nowadays, was retold accusingly by Mr. Jesse H. Jones, chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, before the Chicago convention of the American Bankers' Association. The story concerns a small factory which received recently a $150,000 order from the United States Steel Corporation, but which, nevertheless, was unable to obtain a $50,000 loan from the bankers. Mr. Roosevelt believes that a virtual bankers' boycott exists throughout the country.

To me, the most interesting plan put forward by the administration for fighting back against the bankers is that calling for the establishment of mutual-credit associations by industrialists. Save under special circumstances, the R.F.C. is not permitted to lend money to individuals. It can, however, lend to banking institutions of whatever sort. The administration therefore proposes that manufacturers of a given locality, or given industry, band together to set up associations which would be, in effect, coöperative banks, in which the resources of all would be pledged as collateral for loans from the R.F.C. Incidentally, this scheme is consciously adapted from the agricultural-credit associations successfully established this summer by the Farm Credit Corporation. Carried out under sufficiently able R.F.C. leadership, the plan theoretically would result in the creation of a system of non-profit-making commercial banks which would include, as owner-borrowers, all the legitimate users of commercial credit in the country. However, I doubt whether the plan ever will be tried. We shall get rid of the profit system in banking when we succeed in obtaining socialism; we are not likely to get rid of it through any tricky, roundabout device.

A document engaging serious interest in the New Deal bureaucracy is the so-called Bankwitz Report, made to the recent Sixteenth International Cotton Conference at Prague. M. Bankwitz, a Polish cotton authority, presents an elaborate study to demonstrate the migration of the cotton-textile industry from Europe and the United States to Soviet Russia and the Orient. M. Bankwitz correctly says that the only way to halt this migration is to raise labor costs in Russia and the Far East. He proposes, therefore, what amounts to a world Blue Eagle code, fixing a world minimum wage and a world maximum working week. However, what interests administration experts is not so much M. Bankwitz's ideal program for the future, as his detailed and irrefutable proof that in the recent past Britain, Germany and the United States have been losing their export markets, except for certain specialized goods, at an alarming rate. It is one more warning that the political and economic history of the future will be focused upon the eastern shore of the Pacific Ocean.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Other People's Money

Passwords for Customers' Men—War on the Security Act—What Closed the Textile Mills?

ANYBODY who hopes for any actual reforms in the real abuses of stock trading from the Exchange itself is hugging a very substantial delusion. Recently the Exchange made a rule to curb the activities of customers' men. It prohibited customers' men from telephoning or communicating with clients in their homes. Why it should do this unless there is something inherently wrong with the customers' man I do not know. The president of the Exchange has, on several occasions, declared that speculative excesses are to be traced to the public. The public comes rushing into Wall Street and, under the circumstances, what can the poor brokers do? But apparently there has been a grain of guilt in the Exchange. The customers' man is supposed to whoop things up and so he has been restrained. But there is a catch in this rule. The customer can authorize the customers' man to communicate with his home. And so customers are now being asked to sign the following card: "Gentlemen: I shall be pleased to have you communicate with me regarding my investments at any time at my home or place of residence." There is something naïve about the use of the word "investments." It is also a good idea to authorize communication with the customer's home "or place of residence." Because after all a good many of the customers may be sleeping in the parks.

The banks are very indignant at the attempt of General Johnson, and the President as well, to put them on the spot, as they express it. The General says they are not helping the N.R.A. program because they are not making loans. The banks reply that the are refusing no proper banking loans. As far as I can learn, this is on the whole true. The General thinks the banks ought to take a chance. Taking a chance—risk-bearing, as the orthodox economist likes to call it—was never supposed to be the function of a bank. That is the job of the enterpriser who expects a large dose of profits for his reward. We have had enough of risk-bearing by the banks, I think. Bankers, in New York at least, insist that the only loans they have shied away from have been large loans for fixed-capital purposes. That, too, I think is a reasonably defensible position. We have had too much of such loans from banks.

But the banks are not on such solid ground when they make the counter-charge that funds for fixed-capital purposes, which should be made by means of security issues, are practically impossible under the new security act. A very general movement against that act is in progress by investment bankers and corporations. Propaganda against it is beginning to appear in the boiler-plate material and a stream of protest and complaint is flowing into the Treasury Department, where, unhappily, Mr. Woodin still presides. When Congress assembles we shall see a powerful lobby, whose appearance has been well prepared in advance, to emasculate that bill. The prime argument will be that it interferes with recovery by preventing corporate financing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Certainly there has been little corporate financing, but it is not true that the act has interfered with any. I would like to challenge some of these bankers now to produce any specific issues having anything to do with recovery that would have been floated if they had not been stopped by this act. The truth is either that corporations do not want any new capital or that they have no credit because they are already overloaded with debt and know they could not sell their bonds.

The security act does not apply to railroad securities. The railroads are as much in need of funds as anyone, yet we have seen no stir in that quarter to obtain money by security sales.

A similar situation is developing in the textile industry. The extent to which textile mills are closing down is alarming. News of textile-mill closings or curtailment is flowing into Washington at a rate which is causing genuine concern there. However, the closings and limitations are being made the basis of a campaign against the processing tax. The textile code was the first signed and immediately there was great reëmployment in the textile mills. This was pointed to as the first glorious fruit of the New Deal. Of course, this reëmployment had begun before the recovery administration got organized. It was the result of one factor—the approaching levy of the processing tax. Textile-mill owners rushed their mills into activity in order to make as much cloth as possible before the processing tax went into effect. Now the tax is levied, their mills are full of cotton cloth, but there are no orders for the goods. They are compelled to stop. But they are announcing to the world that the pause is the result of the tax. And they are sending telegrams to Congressmen and Senators calling attention to their plight and demanding the repeal of the tax. Their plight is the result of their own folly. This is one instance where the ballyhoo of the N.R.A. got into action too soon.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Before Disaster

Evening traffic homeward burns,
Swift and even on the turns,
Drifting weight in triple rows,
Fixed relation and repose.
This one edges out and by,
Inch by inch with steady eye.
But should error be increased,
Mass and moment are released;
Matter loosens, flooding blind,
Levels driver to its kind.
Ranks of nations thus descend,
Watchful, to a stormy end.
By a moment's calm beguiled,
I have got a wife and child.
Fool and scoundrel guide the State.
Peace is whore to Greed and Hate.
Nowhere may I turn to flee:
Action is security.
Treading change with savage heel,
We must live or die by steel.

YVOR WINTERS.

Tufted Trees

M. L. IS handsome, upstanding, tall, golden-haired, clean-skinned, with white teeth. To judge from our national advertising, this ought to be enough for anybody. But he was born in the far Middle West, went to a college there and to another in Europe, where he stayed for some time, returning afterward to America, getting into the promotion of modern, and especially American, crafts and even arts, lost his money in the depression, and now goes on with his artistic modernity, promoting, and making what he can, which is not so much as he deserves, is very little in fact. I will not say that he deserves riches for what he does for modern art but rather for what modern art appears to do for him. I have been to his apartment on friendly visits, always pleasant if a little resultant in theory, so to speak; and I know his practices under, as the belated Milton says (retranslating the Scriptures), the opening eyelids of the morn. A cold shower, after diverse exercisings, achieving perfect health, distracting his mood, getting strong for the campaign, and building up at the very beginning of the active day that suggestion, dear to us Americans, of virile irritability, aggressive nervousness and vigorous exhaustion. Then comes a glass of cold water. Then he is ready to discuss modern arts and crafts.

It would be better to say, sell the modern idea in arts and crafts. His discussion comes down to matching points against you, putting over the idea, as he would say. I say selling, but he does not fancy it. To him it amounts to saying crooked—note what a comment that is on certain conceptions that have formed in our country. But what I mean by selling is, as I say to him, "You are not trying to illuminate ideas with me, you are trying to put the argument over on me"; I mean his stating the case as if I were a likely customer, beating my reluctance down, with me as a broker, for example, or a house-lady astray, a manufacturer being persuaded to a design or being sold a novel plan, and what-not.

Our big subject this morning—he has dropped in for coffee—turns out to be chairs.

It happens that in a modest fashion I have in this apartment, one way or another, auctions, perhaps, and, for the finest pieces, gifts of friends, an assortment of chairs that, though they are spread into several rooms, are shamelessly diverse. I daresay I should have to defend myself with Molière's statement that he took his own where he found it, or—was it Flaubert's?—the remark that there are no schools, only good and bad art, or, dropping to mere humanity, Menander's saying, by way of Terence, that I am a man and nothing that pertains to man is alien to me. Perhaps the mildly late way of saying it would be the claim that I know my onions.

There are, for example, four Directoire chairs, white, gold and the seat black, that belonged to Pauline Bonaparte, there are some Venetian chairs, white and gold, some Louis Philippe chairs, rather heavy, a Victorian lyre chair, a simple Windsor trade piece, two matter-of-fact upholstered chairs, good and solid, and four old Siennese chairs painted blue, with rush bottoms. A number of them are very comfortable indeed so far as I can judge, but M. L. is looking at them as if they had been caught *in flagrante delictu* along the roads of time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Say," he says, "listen, you know I've put a great deal of study on chairs. You know what I have done is to study every chair of every period. I have figured out what is the matter with each of them, see? You see you have to figure first what purpose a chair is to serve, its function. I can make a chair better than any of them."

"Oh?" is about all I can say, like the rustics looking at the arch—is it in Tibullus?—M. L., though once put through the classics, makes me fear them as sheer cowardly refuge.

"Yes. If I eliminate the defects of each chair, I arrive at the perfect chair, is that not so?" M. L. says.

(1. This is a characteristic motif of much of the talk of "modern art." Obviously to eliminate the undesirable or *trivial is a good principle.* But what an idea to bank on elimination as such! A child could eliminate by throwing a violin out of the window, through not knowing what it is. A singer in a concert may eliminate a *fioritura* passage in Glück by not knowing that it expresses something. A horse might not like Michelangelo's "Pietà," if it stood too near his manger. But to assume that because you can take away you can construct or create is another matter. The Lord gives, the Lord takes away. M. L. and his brother pleaders can take away, but what does that prove as to creation? What can they give? Would it be true to the peacock, who is not a duck, to eliminate his tail? However, it makes conversation and causes.)

"Well," I say to M. L., "two points arise. In the first place, whatever defects you discover, I am not convinced you can create anything. In the second place, the perfect chair is a thing that varies by epoch and individual."

"All right," he says. "But I have measured chairs for height, the right height, what is the height best adapted to human use." (He pronounces it "heighth.") The point here develops, also, of the fitting of the chair to that part of the body which in a nice little article it is difficult to find a name for, as difficult as the fashion designers have found the actuality, who make it now a frill of buckram, now a globular cascade, now a mere flat as possible retiring rhythm. Shall we call it our "seat"? (M. L. and I are less delicate in our term, to his delight, for he thinks boldness modern, not having noted, for a single instance, the first line in Ben Jonson's play of "The Alchemist," one out of a thousand antique examples where what M. L. thinks modern was not then thought even bold.)

"You talk," I say, "as if the 'seat' were all of us. But we have minds also to satisfy and express, which indeed I have found more difficult than sheer sitting satisfaction."

"Would you say we should be uncomfortable?"

"Oh, no, M. L., as comfortable in the chairs as possible, with allowance, however, for these other needs of the human being. For one thing, suppose you hit your perfect chair, which in so far as the chair is also a work of art is an expression of our more nearly total needs, esthetic as well as physical, and which implies the power to find complete expression in art—"

"Yes," says M. L., ignoring the problem of expressibility in art, and with a look that suggests you wait a minute, I'll pop you one.

"But how do you know, M. L., the next generation or even group of people will not be satisfied with that; suppose suddenly they could not bear a chair that was not colored blue? What of your eliminated perfection?"

"Take a dining room, the chairs at the table are to be the best possible for our use in eating? The most fitted to our needs?" he says, *sub specie aeternitatis.*

"As to physical or anatomical needs, M. L.," I say, "pushing your point to the ultimate merely means twelve different chairs, since everybody differs from another in anatomy as do the stars in glory. But we sacrifice perfection in the chairs and make the twelve alike, for our eyes' sake."

He launches into function. (2. You will observe in the modern-art talk very often this assumption that for the first time function has been thought of, as if, on the contrary, it had not been an eternal, though not always observed, principle in all good craft or architecture.) Dear old M. L., *function is a good point, at least for the craftsman or artist* to be reminded of, since art takes care of itself organically, and since the artist disregards function at his peril. But if you go on so freshly about this, I will say that there is one sort of chair that includes even one more function, there is usually a cushion over the seat when it is not in use.

"By what token must all chairs be Chippendale?" he says, ignoring my domestic and rather invalid allusions.

(3. He has illustrated the selling method of much modern-art talk. Obviously all chairs are not Chippendale; nobody ever said they must be; but the average person slung at with this query is apt to be stampeded into thinking it an argument.)

"And why," he advances, "should we have reproductions? A Directoire chair, or Adam, does not express our modern life." (4. This illustrates the familiar assumption among writers for the modern that the reproduction reproduces a Directoire chair, whereas one out of five hundred may hit it. Such critics speak like that about a Renaissance door, for example. They assume that anybody, if he is low and stale enough, can do such a door. But (a) in the Renaissance itself many an artist could not do it; (b) to assume this possibility shows that the writer cannot tell the difference, can't, in sum, see; (c) and since he cannot tell when it is a real repetition of a Renaissance door, showing thus how little he sees anything, what difference does it make what he says about the modern? (d) Which is what often lands such as he into terms, words, jargon—"Do you like the modern art?" they ask me, and I should answer, "You might as well ask me if I like weather—(not the weather, not any particular climate or weather, just weather.")

We now have from M. L. a discourse on material, the modern use of materials, as if in serious art the material had ever been profoundly divorced from the technique and result. However, it is a good point to remember. Look, M. L. says, how tortured the legs are in those Directoire chairs, bent, not natural to wood. I propose a set of stumps, in wood's true nature. No, he wants in chairs something of man's self-expression. "Is there not some pleasure in seeing what the wood has been created into?" I venture. "No," he says, "now metal is different." "In the Directoire chairs," I say, "the wood is bent to a quality as men's minds were bent to that epoch's conceptions of life. But very well, let us stick to our natures and not bend them. Bring in a lamb carcass and sit on the floor, tearing it to pieces to put between our unkempt beards." But that, I am aware, is exaggerated; M. L. is looking indulgent. I assure him

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of no hostility in me toward metal furniture, though I prefer that it be not the sewerish in pipe lines and sudden bouncings, and I am not edified by those back-curving single-line affairs that look like the abstraction of a guffaw. I am even afraid the best modern furniture I have seen comes from Germany, and sometimes is very fine. But that will make us an argument another time.

"See here," M. L. says, swelling up so healthily that classic verses come frivolously into my head—*Bosomed high in tufted trees*—I say only, "Yes?"

"Take the swivel chair, in offices. What about that for your chairs? Would you expect a business man to be turning his chair around every time?" "It lets our business man turn," I say, "but how curiously he stays put. Can it be that for a long period his chair has brought him back to the same point every turn? And when the dining room is the same as an office, what happens to civilization?"

"Of course we have to go slowly; if we discover a few good designs, we shall do well." "Yes," I agree seriously. He is right in that, and the history of arts and crafts would support him.

"The more efficient the more time for other things." I make no answer to that. He means culture and living. I reflect on our faith in that notion, despite the fact that when we get the most elaborate pipe organ perfected, what do we play on it? Blues, mama loves papa. And what does leisure turn into for us? Gasoline.

Leaving M. L. and me, should I like a modern chair among my criminal pieces? Yes, if I can buy one, for they are costly, and provided M. L. did not select it for me. And is this an article against the modern in arts and crafts? No. It is against the selling game, the ignorance, the fudging, the publicity technique, and the giving us the bum's rush, in the argument and writings of some of its promoters.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

How Many German Jews?

SIR: From the accounts of the abuse of the Jews in Germany one might possibly get the idea that the Hitler government is disposed to persecute only orthodox Jews. Repeatedly we are informed that there are only 600,000 Jews in Germany. This figure includes only a fraction of all the people in Germany of Semitic descent. Bismarck was of the opinion that the solution of the race problem in Germany would come through the absorption of the Jews. As a result of his program there has been an unusual amount of intermarriage of Jews and Aryans in Germany, and many Jews have accepted the Christian faith. If the enumeration of the Jews in Germany should include all the individuals who have one Jewish parent or grandparent, Jews who have married Aryans and Jews of Christian faith (these are included in Hitler's program of persecution), there are at least a million more Jews than is indicated by the conventional figure. The plight of this latter group is the most tragic of all. They are betrayed by their country and deserted by their race. Many of the leaders in this country who are engaged in trying to ameliorate the distress of the Jews in Germany are not unaware of these circumstances, and although they are not quite so frank about the matter as is Hitler, it will take more than a finite eye to see any distinction between their callous indifference toward apostates and Hitler's insane abuse of Jews in general.

New York City. COLLIS STOCKING.

Profit in Oil

SIR: In an editorial in your issue of August 30 you refer to the oil industry "where overproduction has been wasting a precious natural resource and bringing about ruinously low prices." You seem to think that a possible low of twenty-five cents is an unthinkably low and ruinous price. Of course it would be, against the usual capitalization.

Let's take a look at the actual costs. The average well costs about $20,000. Today, you get more than five out of ten producing wells for every hole drilled. Put your cost per well then at $40,000 for an average. The average production will run about 150 barrels a day. Sell it at twenty-five cents and pay your crew $25 a day. A year of 300 days will net you $3,750.

Incidentally, the weakness of the small refiner is not in the oil business, but in the by-product business. It's in the by-products that the big refiner makes his regular, certain and enormous profit. . . .

New York City. LAMBERT FAIRCHILD.

The Sign of the Swastika

SIR: As regards the allegation of your contributor, Michael Gold, that Archibald MacLeish's "Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City" is anti-Jewish and Hitlerish, may I add the point that on meeting Rabbi Gerson Levi, a Scotch Jew, I find that he does not agree with the judgment of Mr. Gold? Of course, Mr. Gold may say that it is a case of the Scotch strain in Rabbi Levi being prejudiced in favor of MacLeish, in which event I would point to the Chicago bookseller, Ben Abrahamson, a Russian Jew who has sold many copies of Mr. Gold's book "Jews without Money." Mr. Abrahamson agrees with Rabbi Levi that MacLeish is a great poet and quite beyond any business of Jew-baiting which Mr. Gold tries to read into MacLeish's latest offering. In this babel of tongues known as the United States of America it has become a genial custom for men to give imitations of brogues and dialects and we may hope that the use of Yiddish fumbling with the American language, by a literary artist, is no more anti-Jewish propaganda than an imitation of Harry Lauder is a way of saying to hell with the Scotch.

Harbert, Mich. CARL SANDBURG.

SIR: Well, well, I am glad to see Carl Sandburg excited about something at last. He seems to have been making the rounds of Jewish circles in Chicago on this matter. Really, I thought I had quoted enough of the poem in my review to show the intent of the author. It's not just "the genial custom" of imitating a brogue or dialect, as Carl Sandburg puts it, that MacLeish attempted. He decidedly was not doing an imitation of Harry Lauder. MacLeish was saying, in quite thinly veiled poeticisms, that the revolutionary movement of the United States was mostly the wretched work of Jews who spoke in contemptible English. The other radical element consisted of a few impotent intellectuals. If words mean anything, Part 6 says this in plain Anglo-Saxon words for anyone to read. I quoted several verses, for I knew my charges would seem merely spiteful without some extensive quotation in a short review. But Carl Sandburg knows ten Jews in Chicago who can't smell the usual fascist rat when an author mimics:

> "Aindt you read in d'books you are all brudders!
> D'glassic historic objective broves you are brudders!
> You and d'Wops and d'Chinks you are all brudders!
> Havendt you got it d'same ideology? Havend't you?"

Or when he mentions "Comrade Levine who writes of America most instructively having in 'Seventy-four crossed to the Hoboken side on the Barclay Street ferry." Mr. Sandburg seems to think

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this all a genial accident; I don't, and neither do a few thousand other Jews and Gentiles I happen to know. MacLeish himself, I am sure, knew what he was writing, and if he'd answer publicly three or four questions one could put to him it might clarify the situation, even for Carl Sandburg. This is not the first thing Mr. MacLeish has written. He is going somewhere, and it is not toward the working class, even though this poem under discussion is dedicated to Carl Sandburg.

Some people deem a Jew vulgar, super-sensitive, "paranoiac," as Carl Sandburg elegantly called me in his first letter, if he resents even such tentative essays in Jew-baiting as Mr. MacLeish's, or the casual thing the editors of The American Spectator tossed off in their last issue. I refer to their fatuously smug Platonic dialogue on the Jews, in which Mr. Dreiser, whom one had known as a friend, approves a quota on Jews in the professions, and the perhaps senile Mr. Cabell lightly suggests they be given the state of Kansas, thus ridding America both of the Jews and that farmers' state so offensive to broken-down slaveholders.

Gentlemen, some of us are most decidedly not amused. We know where these symbolic poems and airy literary dialogues lead to in life. We have felt the pogrom and the knife too often to be fooled, even though some worthy Jews who are good "white man's Jews" and know their place, think it wiser to pretend to like it. Some of us will never like Hitlerism, and for this reason are to be found in the ranks of that international social revolution which alone can wipe out all race and economic slavery. Even at the risk of appearing hyper-sensitive, we will speak again and again when the monster of race prejudice lifts its head. Twenty years ago Carl Sandburg would have understood all this without arguing. He himself never wrote any poems in phony Yiddish dialect to make a joke of the idea that men were brothers. He himself once knew how to smell out a rat, yes, even the tiniest mouse.

New York City. MICHAEL GOLD.

A Correction

SIR: I regret exceedingly that lack of space caused you to change the title of my article in the last issue of The New Republic from "Obstacles to Unemployment Insurance" to "Enemies of Unemployment Insurance." The change in title gives it a meaning which I had not intended, and I hope you will permit me to make this correction.

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN.

New York City.

[We ought to warn authors in advance that double-column titles in The New Republic must not, for typographical reasons, contain more than thirty-three letters and spaces. "Obstacles to Unemployment Insurance" was not used simply because it contained thirty-five. We apologize to Mr. Epstein for any implications in the new title which he had not intended.—THE EDITORS.]

Contradictions of Fascism

SIR: In your editorial "Toward Fascism" [The New Republic, August 9] you say that National Socialism can solve the internal contradictions of capitalism. According to Mussolini's figures, there are more than a million unemployed in Italy, for whom he affords relief by rotation with those who are employed. Fascism surely does not solve this contradiction of capitalism. It is impossible to solve the internal contradictions of capitalism merely by a limitation of incomes. This does not mean that wage earners receive larger incomes. On the contrary they receive a low wage, only large enough for subsistence. The effect of this is greatly to limit production, retard or entirely stop the introduction of labor-saving machinery and bring the whole economic system into a static condition. Under fascism no limitation of income will prevent the wealthy classes from hoarding part of their incomes (if these cannot be profitably invested) in order to secure them against losing their privileged positions and falling into the wage-earning class. This at once produces the same effect as under free capitalism when we have crisis and overproduction. These conditions clearly make it impossible for fascism to solve the contradictions of capitalism. What fascism really is is a feudal system on a national scale. There is a psychological factor which makes such a system very unstable. The masses must necessarily lose the hope of becoming capitalists or petty capitalists, and when they lose hope they naturally become revolutionary.

I cannot imagine why The New Republic should favor such a system.

Santa Ana, Calif. V. JASPER.

[Mr. Jasper's difference with us is chiefly verbal, and rests on the meaning assigned to the word "solve." Fascism can "solve" the internal contradictions of capitalism precisely in the manner described by Mr. Jasper—that is, by reducing production until it is balanced by consumption and by introducing a feudal system on a national scale. As our editorial made clear, this "solution" is at the expense of the working class. We certainly do not favor such a system. On the other hand, we do not believe that it is internally unstable. The masses do not "naturally" become revolutionary (does Mr. Jasper believe that revolutions are spontaneous?). Fascism is unstable for external reasons—because it breeds war and because war puts arms in the hands of the working class.—THE EDITORS.]

We Wish There Were Millions Like You

SIR: I like to read The New Republic, it always makes me so mad.

Clemson College, S. C. ELIAS P. EARLE.

Extracts from Letters

ROBERT DUNN, of the Labor Research Association, informs us that an emergency call for funds has been received from the striking miners of New Mexico. In spite of the facts that their leaders have been arrested, that their rights to assemble and picket have been denied, that strike-breakers have been imported and martial law in effect established, the miners are resisting all efforts to break the strike. The lack of food relief is one of the most serious threats they face. Funds should be sent to Relief Committee, National Miners Union, Box 219, Gallup, New Mexico.

A subscriber who wishes to remain anonymous appeals to our readers for work in connection with "some idealistically practical, non-profit enterprise." He is a man over fifty who has lost his savings and home and now wishes to earn a living for himself and his wife by serving his fellow men in any capacity he can. He has been a public speaker, writer, advertising man, sales counselor, editor and publisher. He may be reached through the offices of The New Republic under the name of Mr. S. O. S.

Marcus Stock, of Philadelphia, sends a note of commendation for the editorial, "White Terror: A Case History," which appeared in The New Republic of August 16. He points out that the document which Mr. Adamic obtained has been verified by several recent articles in The Croatian Review and in news stories in The New York Times, The Christian Science Monitor and The Manchester Guardian. Mr. Stock also reports that Communists are by no means the only victims of the terror, that Croatians who believe in national independence suffer the same brutal treatment.

Horace Davis, of Croton-on-Hudson, New York, reports an incident in Georgia which he declares illustrates "how deliberate efforts are made by public officials to associate militant workers in the public mind with the use of violence." The incident in question was one in which Governor Talmadge ordered out the militia as a result of a controversy with the State Highway Department. When asked why the soldiers had been called, State Treasurer George B. Hamilton said the Governor had received bombing threats because he would not release Angelo Herndon, Negro organizer who is held in jail on a charge of "insurrection." Later, according to The New York Times, Mr. Hamilton admitted his statement was untrue.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lines for an Interment

Now it is fifteen years you have lain in the meadow:
The boards at your face have gone through: the earth is
Packed down and the sound of the rain fainter:
The roots of the first grass are dead:

Its a long time to lie in the earth with your honor:
The world Soldier the world has been moving on:

The girls wouldn't look at you twice in the cloth cap:
Six years old they were when it happened:

It bores them even in books: "Soissons besieged"!
As for the gents they have joined the American Legion—

Belts and a brass band and the Ladies' Auxiliary:
The Californians march in the OD silk:

We are all acting again like civilized beings:
People mention it at tea. . . .

The Facts of Life we have learned are Economic:
You were deceived by the detonation of bombs:

You thought of courage and death when you thought of
warfare:
Hadn't they taught you the fine words were unfortunate?

Now that we understand we judge without bias:
We feel of course for those who had to die:

Women have written us novels of great passion
Proving the useless death of the dead was a tragedy:

Nevertheless it is foolish to chew gall:
Popular writers on both sides have apologized:

The Germans are back in the Midi with cropped hair:
The English are drinking the better beers in Bavaria:

You can rest now in the rain in the Belgian meadow—
Now that it's all explained away and forgotten:
Now that the earth is hard and the wood rots:

Now you are dead. . . .

The First World War, edited by Laurence Stallings. New York: Simon and Schuster. 306 pages. $3.50.

MR. STALLINGS' title is inaccurate. It is not the First World War he presents, it is the second. The First World War was the war which the participants thought they saw. It was a war of parades, speeches, brass bands, *bistros,* boredom, terror, anguish, heroism, endurance, humor, death. It matched great cruelty with great courage. It had its fine sights and its unspeakable sights. It was a human war. Its adversaries were men and its stories were stories of men. Mr. Stallings is familiar with that war—more familiar than most Americans. He has saluted it elsewhere.

The Second World War is the First World War as we now reconstruct it. It is the First World War seen through a keyhole, interpreted from a mountaintop, judged in its causes and its effects. It is a very impersonal and terrifying war. It has no heroes. It is not human. Its actors are not men, nor even armies, but nations, continents. Its stories are not stories of men in warfare but of beginnings, devices, forces—the greed of bankers, the treachery of politicians, the rapacity of munitions makers, the starvation of nations, the death of millions, the maiming of millions. Its end is not victory or armistice or acre after acre of graves or village after ruined village, but a spiritual destruction, a world of dictatorships and tyranny, a dislocation of human life, a denouement not yet achieved.

These two wars are very different; so different that they cannot exist at the same time. To have described the Second World War during the progress of the first would not have been permitted. The beliefs of men would not have permitted it. To describe the First World War now that we are committed to the Second is equally not permitted. Beliefs today are as fanatical, as intolerant, as they were in 1918. The vogue among the intellectuals is Marxism in one form or another, with its anti-war convictions. And American intellectual Marxism is as like the Liberty Loan fanaticism of the war years as one opposite can be like another. It is only necessary to notice the hysteria with which the literary Marxist attacks and exterminates (as he believes) his literary enemies to be convinced of the likeness. Nothing which does not conform to the official dogmas will be endured and any man who questions them, and certainly any man who makes fun of them, will be strung up to the nearest lamp post of Marxian invective. The fact that the lamp posts are incapable of bearing the weight of a grown man is irrelevant: the will is there, and the spit balls, and the squealing rage.

But that very fact raises a difficult question as regards Mr. Stallings' book. Mr. Stallings is not a Marxist and neither the smell of their tar nor the sight of their noisy public lynchings can have much terror for him. In his first war play he braved an as yet unregenerate public opinion which was considerably more terrifying than that of the current breed of night riders. It is therefore difficult to understand why he has devoted his present book so religiously to the Second World War. His own feelings in the matter are of course well known. He hates war. He has excellent first-hand reason to hate it. And he has attacked the idea of war with all his very considerable powers over a long period of time, producing in the process one of the most vivid of American plays and one of the few novels of our time which can be said to have a real expectancy of life. But if it was the purpose of the present volume to record the war itself and as a whole, the limitation he has imposed upon himself becomes a defect.

There are two methods of recording the events of human history: the method of the philosopher and the method of the artist. The philosophic method at present in fashion is the method of the economic determinist who bases himself more or less upon those absolute laws of social evolution which Marx, deceived by the absolutism of nineteenth-century science, established in the Darwinian image. The War, to the economic determinist, is the Second World

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

War—the war of economic causes in which human suffering points only an economic moral, in which all events fit into an economic pattern and in which anything irrelevant to such a pattern is dismissed. It is this method which contemporary intellectuals approve and to which they will permit no exception. The method of the artist, on the other hand, is precisely the opposite. It knows no fashions in substance though it knows very well fashions in form. And it knows no preconceived patterns. It has, that is to say, neither morality, nor text nor lesson. It records those things, seen or unseen, which have actually occurred, legibility being its only test of selection. It records them regardless of their effect upon the minds of the young or the minds of the old; regardless of their capacity for arousing anger against the recorder or anti-social enthusiasms directed at others. It records them because they are an expression of the world and because the sole motivation of the artist is an obscure and personal compulsion to arrest, to fix, to make expressive, the flowing away of the world. For the artist is not and never can be an instrument of society. He is on the contrary an enemy of society if by society is meant the particular social and intellectual fashions of his day. It is for that reason that his truth so rarely passes for true in his own generation.

The second method is the method natural to Mr. Stallings. He has used it before. And yet it is the former method he here adopts. From one end to the other his book argues a thesis and argues it ably, eloquently and unanswerably. It is one of the most compelling anti-war tracts ever produced. It avoids with a skill which amounts to genius all those flag-waving, drum-beating suggestions which, in the ordinary anti-war book, arouse, in the young, emotions the precise opposite of those intended. And its thesis is a noble thesis—there could be none nobler. No man in his senses wants another war—not even the civil war between classes which the Marxians except from their condemnations. No man who saw anything of the last war in any of its aspects can help but hate and fear the possibility of a repetition. If propaganda was what Mr. Stallings intended then Mr. Stallings has succeeded as brilliantly as his medium permitted and criticism must turn to the camera itself and to the curious fact that the snapshot which seemed in its early days so much more real, so much more actual, than any work of art is here proved to be much less real. For it is only the literal-minded, those whose senses have been crippled by the cinema, who will react to these pictures as to the written word. It is here possible to say: "That is an actual man. He is actually dead. How horrible!"—and yet feel none of the horror which Mr. Stallings himself has elsewhere put into a phrase no photograph illustrated. It is possible to turn through the whole book and experience all the sensations of loathing and hatred for war which its editor proposes without once recapturing the feel and taste of the time itself, the indelible experience which Mr. Stallings has, in his own office, recalled.

It is difficult, however, to believe that propaganda was in fact all Mr. Stallings intended. It is difficult to believe that with his knowledge and with his great abilities he was not also moved to recall that other, that First World War. I concede that it is today not only immoral but unfashionable as well to doubt that all the dead were victims —to suggest that some few ridiculously believed in the thing for which (or so they thought) they died. But fashions in thinking would not stand in Mr. Stallings' way. And yet these dead are absent.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

I AGREE with Mr. MacLeish to the extent of believing that many poets should not engage in propaganda. Mr. MacLeish himself is an outstanding example. As a poet, he is one of the three or four most distinguished that we now possess, but he is a quite inferior propagandist. Both his verse and his prose comment on "The First World War" exhibit him in this second function. They are bad propaganda, not so much because they lead to false conclusions as because they don't lead to any. One statement cancels off another. "The sole motivation of the artist is an obscure and personal compulsion to arrest, to fix, to make expressive, the flowing away of the world." In simpler words, Mr. MacLeish believes that the artist depicts the world as it is, without criticism. It would follow that the artist is not an enemy but rather a mere recording instrument of existing society. But, "The artist is not and never can be an instrument of society. He is on the contrary an enemy of society, if by society is meant the particular social and intellectual fashions of the day." In other words, the artist is a warrior against the present and a prophet of the future. It doesn't make sense.

But let us summarize his argument as best we can. There were really, he says, two wars, one human, the other inhuman, one partly ugly and yet partly admirable by virtue of the faith that went into it, the other altogether ugly. The first was the war that the soldiers thought they saw; the second was the real war as seen by the Marxists through a keyhole.—It seems impossible today to conduct an argument without mentioning Marx. The more conservative the critic, the more he insists on dragging in Marx by the beard. But the Marx he drags in is a grotesque effigy quite without relation to the author of "The Communist Manifesto." The real Marx did not believe in economic forces to the exclusion of human emotions. The whole point of Marxism is that it is a doctrine about and for living men. It says, in effect, that under the present system we are ruled by impersonal beginnings, devices, forces—human beings are subjected to things non-human —but that our task is to devise a state of society in which men direct those forces and ride the whirlwind instead of being tossed about by it.

But let us return to Mr. MacLeish's argument. He claims that Mr. Stallings presents the second, the altogether ugly war, and is, for that reason, making propaganda. He should have presented the first war instead: that would have been art.—Sweeping aside all qualifications, are we to understand Mr. MacLeish as saying that it is propaganda to write against war and art to write in favor of it? He would doubtless answer that it is art to tell the truth. But does this consist of parades, speeches, brass bands, heroism and humor?

It happens that Mr. Stallings has previously described the first, the human and partly admirable war. By now we have learned to recognize the political effect of "What Price Glory." People at first regarded it as pacifist propaganda, but pretty soon the movies got hold of it, and the publicity department of the United States Marine Corps got hold of it, reduced it to its essence, stirred in a few brass bands and *bistros*—and the result was those gay devildogs, Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt, urging young men by their heroic example to join the Marines and sleep with foreign women. It would seem that Mr. MacLeish is advising Mr. Stallings to produce more Flaggs and Quirts, more Marine Corps recruiting posters. But the lesson of the review isn't quite so simple. Mr. MacLeish is not (Communist critics please copy) a Jew-baiter and sword-rattler. He hates war as profoundly as anybody could.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What he says in effect is that other artists, out of hatred for propaganda, ought to do their best to bring about that very disaster which they and he most want to prevent. This is either nonsense, or else it is mysticism too deep for most of us to understand.

I suspect that it is nonsense. But I also suspect that the intellectual confusion of this review is to be explained by an emotional conflict lying far beneath it. Mr. MacLeish served through the War as an artillery officer. His dearest friends served in the War and many of them were killed, still believing that they were fighting to defend their own country: now they are rotting in pine coffins, in foreign earth. And echoing through his mind must be those words so often printed on posters stuck up behind the Isonzo or north or south of the Marne, so often shouted by Reichstag members and British M.P.'s and American congressmen: *These dead shall not have died in vain.* But fifteen years have passed and these dead are absent.

If they fought purely for adventure, they found it and found that it wasn't as advertised. If they fought, as Americans were urged to do, for Liberty, Democracy and the Fourteen Points, they fought for abstractions now more deeply buried than all the dead of the Argonne. If they fought to save their own country from the invader, to preserve a land of hills and prairies where each man might live securely on his own acres—well, who owns their country now? What if the phantom invader had really come, had crossed the Alleghenies over the trail of Daniel Boone and Meriwether Lewis? Would it matter now if we were paying tribute to the Allgemeine Elektrizitäts Gesellschaft instead of General Electric?—to Fritz Thyssen instead of Mellon and Morgan?—if the farm lands of Iowa were seized by an insurance company in Frankfurt instead of insurance companies in New York and Hartford? The invaders have come and have taken our land in spite of those who died. It is indeed time that we told the whole truth about the War, as Mr. MacLeish demands; my only complaint against Mr. Stallings' book is that he could not tell enough of it. It is time for us to admit that you, MacLeish, and I, Cowley, and Hemingway, Wilson, Dos Passos, Ramon Guthrie, our relatives who crashed in airplanes or died by machine-gun fire, our friends who were crippled—that all of us fought in vain. It is time to inscribe at the entrance to every veterans' graveyard and over the tombs of all the unknown soldiers, *They died bravely, they died in vain.* MALCOLM COWLEY.

The Dragon's Teeth

Germany Enters the Third Reich, by Calvin B. Hoover. New York: The Macmillan Company. 243 pages. $2.50.

COMFORTABLY readable though it is, and broadly informative as to the events preceding and immediately following the summoning to power of Hitler and associates, Professor Hoover's book is a misleading interpretation of the regime dominating Germany. In the face of cumulative and unmistakable evidence to the contrary, only the gullible are likely to agree with the author that "After a survey of the principles and acts of the [Nazi] party one cannot escape the conclusion that there is some justification for the use of the term 'Socialist' in designating it." The question is not one of judgment or of subtle definitions of "socialism." Hair-splitting will not help here; facts are concerned which even he who runs and writes may read if he will. Long before this book went to press, affairs in Germany showed with grotesque clarity that there was the same purely nominal connection between National Socialism and the actual socialization of finance or industry as exists between cottage cheese and cottages.

In dealing with earlier events, Professor Hoover shows the same dangerous blurring of ideas under the influence of words. He recognizes and accurately summarizes the complete failure of the German Social Democrats to establish any mentionable measure of socialism, for all their post-war power. He rightly classes the Social Democratic leaders as completely bourgeois in attitude and aim—hence their capitulation without striking a blow. He presents a fairly vivid picture of the irritated fear on one hand and the contempt on the other which perpetuated the gulf between Social Democrats and Communists in Germany. And yet he repeats one of Herr Hitler's favorite oratorical dodges by repeatedly lumping together Social Democrats and Communists under the collective label of Marxian Socialists. Confusion is multiplied when he assumes that we have to do simply with two variations on the theme Socialism: one, Marxist, and the other, National.

This failure to distinguish between *says* and *does* results in patently ridiculous assertions—such as, "The definite steps already taken by the [Nazi] party are a sufficient proof that an effective will to change the previously existing capitalistic system in a fundamental way actually exists." What are these steps?—what is this fundamental way? Why, the driving out of thousands of Jews, Catholics, democrats, pacifists and lately even Nationalists from positions of control or ownership of capital and the immediate refilling of the identical positions with Nazis. This is Hitler's ingenious method to ensure administration for the general good, without the inconvenience of eliminating private property, private control, private profit. The Yanks had a name for it. They called it "the spoils system." Do it on a big enough scale, extend it to private as well as governmental positions, and lo! profundity discovers a new road to socialism.

Insufficiently aware of the high financial rivalries reflected in the political conflicts of the feverish year before Hitler, Professor Hoover finds them "bewildering." Though the earlier chapters recounting these events are the most satisfactory of the book, only an obscure footnote concedes that "a few of the important industrialists of the Rhenish-Westphalian industry even supported National Socialism on account of their hostility" to collective wage agreements sponsored by the labor unions. A few industrialists, indeed!—and never a hint of the determining role played by Germany's present power behind the throne, Fritz Thyssen, and his group in the intrigues which made Hitler Chancellor despite Nazi wavering and waning.

Since he failed to learn who paid the piper, Professor Hoover does not recognize whose tunes are now being called. His book contains no satisfactory discussion of the campaign against all radicalism within the party, nor does it make clear the unquestioned dominance of the factions of Göring and Göbbels (whom he describes as most reactionary). There is nothing about the betrayal of millions of middle-class supporters, who will *not,* despite all promises to the contrary, be relieved from the competition of chain stores, department stores and coöperatives. There is, on the other hand, a great deal of material that might well be omitted. Professor Hoover discusses with grave attention and not very searching analysis a whole series of Nazi economic program points which were never anything more than honey to catch the voter-flies.

And yet, notwithstanding his will to believe and his wish

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WE MOVE IN NEW DIRECTIONS

H. A. Overstreet's New Book For The Times

While the members of the Brain Trust have been engaged in dealing with the practical problems of industry and agriculture, Professor H. A. Overstreet has summed up the philosophical implications of the New Deal and interpreted its trend in his new book, WE MOVE IN NEW DIRECTIONS.

Drawing upon the finding of today's economists, statesmen, educators, jurists and social scientists, he builds up the concrete conception of a "social responsibility" which calls upon every one of us to drop the worn out tools of "rugged individualism" and meet the problems of a changed world with these new, more effective methods of thought and action.

"His book is for the thinking man or woman who realizes that the ancient ways are quite outworn. . . . His explorations in the possibilities of a new social structure offer much that is acute and memorable to the reader." *Herbert Gorman* in the *N. Y. Evening Post.* - - - - - - - - $3.00

W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, Inc.

70 Fifth Avenue New York City

2nd Large Printing

The $20,000 PRIZE NOVEL

NO SECOND SPRING

By JANET BEITH

"Amply good enough for the award . . . evidences a sturdy new talent."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

"A delicate and exquisite piece of work, and should please a public rather glutted, I should think, with jazz and realism.—*Gertrude Atherton.*

"A charming love story. . . . Important because of the sensitiveness and tenderness of its delineation . . . never loses the brilliant and biting color from its backgroun l."—*Heywood Broun.*

at all bookstores $2.50

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

to be amply fair to German fascism, Professor Hoover is deeply disturbed by what he saw, and clearly states his misgivings. He lays the blame for atrocities squarely upon the Nazis. He recognizes that Hitler is unreliable as man and as politician. He grants that "the violence and turmoil, both within the party and outside of it, are anything but a hopeful augury." And, though he uses the most cautious language in discussing the matter, he sees plainly that if German fascism continues to follow the same path, Europe will soon again be plunged into war.

HERBERT KLEIN.

Fiction vs. Blurbs

The Farm, by Louis Bromfield. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

The Gold Falcon, Anonymous. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.50.

No Second Spring, by Janet Beith. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

The Fault of Angels, by Paul Horgan. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Dark Hazard, by W. R. Burnett. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Lamb in His Bosom, by Caroline Miller. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

ONE NEW YORK publishing house used to enclose in each of its books a postcard on which was printed a questionnaire for the reader to fill out and return. The point of the questionnaire was to find out what had made the reader buy the book—advertising, the recommendations of friends, favorable reviews, the blurb on the book jacket, what not. The poor old publishers! They still don't know what they're doing or how they do it. But they have a shrewd suspicion that advertising helps, and of all the forms of advertising, the one they all unanimously favor is the blurb on the book jacket. Competition in ballyhooing their wares has reached such a pitch among them that their blurbs have gone the way of all advertising; nobody takes them seriously. In England there is still some traditional conscience among blurb writers; the jacket of Virginia Woolf's "Flush" (whose American edition will appear this fall) was indeed so restrained and purely expository that it drew amazed and amused comments from brethren of the trade over here, who considered it an extreme example of sentimental English understatement. It would be fun, but hardly fair, to review the blurbs of these books instead of the books themselves, or to compare the jacket (appearance) with the book (reality).

For example: Louis Bromfield's latest, "The Farm," appears in a jacket that neatly mingles dignity, tradition and the Middle West. An unfriendly eye might detect a note of *arrivisme* in the facial expressions of the principal characters. Their processional progress is somewhat confused, somewhat pompous; and the scene in which they are pictured bears little visible relation to real life. And in fact "The Farm" is not a novel at all, but a diffuse attempt to read aristocratic meaning into Mr. Bromfield's Ohio background. As he indicates in the foreword, it is a guidebook for his children (and others) to a country they will never see—a Middle Western America that has safely vanished with Mr. Bromfield's boyhood. Effusive with facts, facile with conventional ideas and opinions, Mr. Bromfield also has the gift of revelation: he shows us that what he is writing about is fake.

If "The Gold Falcon" were not anonymous it would

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

probably have received very little attention. The author himself gives a complete description of the book and a sample of its style in his subtitle: "The Gold Falcon, or The Haggard of Love: being the adventures of Manfred, airman and poet of the World War, and later, husband and father, in search of freedom and personal sunrise, in the City of New York, and of the consummation of his life." Whoever the author is, it is certainly not Robert Graves, as some reviewers have wildly guessed. Manfred, the dubious "hero," is a hysterical egoist of the Byronic type whose life is dedicated to a search for the perfect female adorer. Its author is obviously an Englishman with first-hand knowledge of New York and a second-hand acquaintance with the prominent English writers of the day, most of whom appear in the background under easily deciphered pseudonyms. The book is written with a perfervid enthusiasm which may pass, in some quarters, as "beautiful writing." If an American had written the book it would have been more crudely sentimental; the English are more adept at concealing cheap emotion with an expense of language.

The jacket of "No Second Spring" is appropriately framed in gold. It is the winner of a $20,000 International Prize Novel Competition; and that's a good deal of money to pay for a novel. Whether it was worth it or not, who shall say? "No Second Spring" is a queer little old-fashioned story; it is almost shocking to find it in print in the year 1933. It is all about the young wife of a fire-eating Scotch minister and what a bleak time she had until a fascinating and worldly artist came along and opened her heart. She had the strength of mind to send him away before the minister got wind of anything; years later she saw him again on the street, but he didn't see her. The book begins in such a wooden and schoolgirlish style that you can't believe your eyes; it limbers up later and comes to life as a dear departed romance, with the actors making a not-too-creaky bow at the curtain.

The Harper Prize Novel (Mr. Horgan's "The Fault of Angels"), which doesn't draw down such a packet of cash but has a little more prestige attached, is a nice compromise between the hopelessly literary and the best-seller. With the thinly pseudonymous Eastman School of Music at Rochester as background, Mr. Horgan draws a fairly lively picture of an artistic community in the American provinces. Into this scheming little society comes Nina, the Russian wife of the new Philharmonic director, and proceeds to set the place on its ear. She is petite and beautiful and intense, she throbs like a dynamo with spiritual urges. Though she is essentially a comic character, Mr. Horgan, who is more than a little in love with her through his hero, manages to make her less funny than she really is. The flaw in "The Fault of Angels" is that all the characters are comic but few are presented as such; it is at best a hesitant satire. But it makes amusing reading; and for those who are interested in the effects of institutionalizing Art it may be enlightening.

Mr. Burnett is a most satisfactory kind of writer. A popular success from the time of his first book-club selection ("Dark Hazard" is his third), he is still as plain and unpretentious as ever, still a story-teller and nothing else. Critics are beginning to talk now about his "lean athletic prose," but I think he has too much sense, and is too interested in writing his stories, to pay any attention. His latest yarn is about a racetrack gambler who tried to domesticate himself and failed. There are some good passages about greyhound racing. It doesn't prove anything; it's just a story. For excitement, "Dark Hazard" can't touch "Little Caesar" or "Iron Man"; but it's a good tale.

AMERICA
Through
WOMEN'S EYES

by MARY R. BEARD

Co-author of "THE RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION"

An epochal anthology of Woman's part in and opinion of the American governmental experiment since the 17th century, comprising quotations from private and public writings of outstanding women in each period. Much of the material is entirely new, or known only to researchers.

* * *

"A vivid panorama of the nation's life . . . an absorbing book — a heartening book to read in such days as our own. There is in it so much of courage, so much of clear-sightedness, so much of the faith that performs miracles, that one wishes for it a wide and attentive reading."

—New York Times

"A stimulating book . . . calls attention to a rich field of interest in American life. . . . Suggests how thoroughly the thoughts and the activities of women are interwoven into the whole fiber of our national life."

—New York Herald Tribune

At bookstores everywhere $3.50

60 FIFTH AVE. MACMILLAN NEW YORK

MOONLIGHT SAIL AND DANCE
up-the-Hudson

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16th

for the benefit of STUDENT REVIEW

published by NATIONAL STUDENT LEAGUE

Boat leaves Pier 6, East River at Battery at 8:15 P. M. Round Trip $1.00

DANCING

REFRESHMENTS :-: ENTERTAINMENT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A new book by

George Santayana

Some Turns of Thought in Modern Philosophy

Mr. Santayana here brings together a group of essays which have a definite unity in that they are concerned with the thought of several modern philosophers from Locke to Freud. They are written with the fascinating grace and clarity which the reader has come to associate with everything from Mr. Santayana's hand, and reflect brilliantly his characteristic point of view.

The essays include:

LOCKE AND THE FRONTIERS OF COMMON SENSE

FIFTY YEARS OF BRITISH IDEALISM

REVOLUTIONS IN SCIENCE

A LONG WAY ROUND TO NIRVANA

THE PRESTIGE OF THE INFINITE

$1.75 at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

DIVIDENDS: 100%
SURPLUS: INCREASED 800%
RESERVES: DOUBLED!

Such is the depression record of the Long Island Lighting Company, whose rates have been ordered reduced 18 percent by the New York State Public Service Commission.

Consumers are at last awake to the gross injustices which have persisted under state regulation and are forcing hearings on rates in widely separated communities all over the country.

Is your community a sufferer? You can learn for yourself and acquire much other valuable information on the whole question of utility control from two inexpensive books in The New Republic's Dollar Series. Order at $1.00 each, from your bookseller or direct.

What Electricity Costs,
ed. by MORRIS L. COOKE—1933

The Power Fight, by
STEPHEN RAUSHENBUSH—1932

New Republic, Inc. 421 West 21st Street New York

"Lamb in His Bosom" was apparently submitted in the recent Harper Prize contest, but it did not get the prize. It is not hard to see why, and it is a purely economic reason. (Of course in these contests the winner is picked by a board of judges, but equally of course the publisher picks the judges.) "Lamb in His Bosom" is too quiet and slow, too backwoodsy to be a best-seller, unless it were very expensively ballyhooed. Anyone but the judge of a prize novel contest could tell in half an hour's reading that it is far and away a better book than "The Fault of Angels," but it is not nearly so *dernier cri*. "Lamb in His Bosom" is the story of Georgia crackers in pre-Civil War days. Nothing happens but the usual things—weather and hard times, weddings and births and funerals. Events that would be comic or tragic in a more civilized setting are here only the accepted facts of a hard life. It might well be boring or dreary reading, it might well be faked-up primitive, but it isn't. It is a very good book. But the disheartening thing about this kind of novel—for there are others like it that creep out from time to time—is that when you discover them it is almost always by accident, and it almost seems as if they must have been published by accident; for they do not lend themselves easily to blurbs.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Bran in a Bright Package

The Evolving House: A History of the Home, by Albert Farwell Bemis and John Burchard, 2d. Cambridge: The Technology Press. 534 pages. $4.

A LITTLE while ago the editors of Fortune published a book upon housing in America. Despite an obvious bias in the treatment of labor, the book was an excellent critical survey of all the elements—land, finance, community planning, industrialization, design—that enter into the building of modern dwellings. But at the end the editors suddenly threw away all the social and economic data they had so skillfully collected and suggested with complete irrelevance that the manufactured house *in itself* was the way out.

The authors of "The Evolving House" have not repeated this mistake. Unlike the editors of Fortune, they decided from the outset that "the chief factor of the modern housing problem is physical structure" and they assiduously ruled out all the actual data—including the necessary books and articles which present such data—that would upset their preconceptions. They had a unique opportunity for covering, either in detail or in well conceived reconnaissance, an important field of investigation—practically a virgin field. Instead of devoting themselves to that task, they put together a bewildering hodge-podge of fable, social history, lame and inaccurate historical judgments and loose generalizations: a hodge-podge which is as badly proportioned chronologically as it is geographically, and which represents neither diligent detailed research nor critical summary. The picture is entirely lopsided, down to the fact that the individual mansion and house preponderate over all the communal and urban forms of housing. Its total effect is like that of a history of world literature that included the Book of the Dead, parts of the Bible, the Song of Roland, the entire output of English and American literature from Chaucer to Sinclair Lewis, and some bad translations of French and Russian contemporaries—all of it limited by the preconception that in the problem of writing the chief factor is a knowledge of grammar and the ability to frame sentences.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In short: this book is an excellent example, exhaustive in all its faults even down to the use of sketchy impressionist illustrations, of how not to write a history of the dwelling house. That it should be put forward as a work of scholarship under the imprint of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is a sign of how little respect there is for the responsibilities of genuine scholarship in a land where packaging and salesmanship are looked upon as adequate substitutes for delivering sound goods.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Book Notes

APPLETON BIOGRAPHIES

CASANOVA, by Bonamy Dobrée. *New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 168 pages. $1.50.*

The celebrated "Memoirs" have always possessed values for more than one class of readers which transcend those of the smut-mongers and their dupes. Taken all in all, they present a dazzling picture of baroque European society, are replete with lively vignettes of eighteenth-century existence, and embody a minor masterpiece in the picturesque. Their author was at least one-fourth artist in words to three-fourths nympholept. But the latter usually overcame the former, and hence it comes about that the interest of his confessions is marred by their inevitable monotony. Any honest libertine will admit that one affair is, after all, very like another, and Casanova's lady loves are no exception. Happily Mr. Dobrée's capital little life is superior to its subject in that the dull venery is subordinated, throughout, to a high sense of the picturesque and a real gift for plain narration.

JOHN RUSKIN, by David Larg. *New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 152 pages. $2.*

This addition to the "Appleton Biographies" is advertised as "modern," and the word fits. It does not hesitate to go into the sexual failure of Ruskin's marriage; it appreciates the bagginess of his Victorian background; it is ironical, stylistic and slightly superior. But what Mr. Larg has to offer seems rather a consensus of present-day opinion than an original or definite point of view; his book is more clever than substantial.

MACAULAY, by Arthur Bryant. *New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 190 pages. $2.*

Macaulay is a good example of the successful man in a bourgeois society. Gifted with a quick and retentive mind, a strong and tenacious will, he was marked for success. As a writer he became virtually a self-contained, large industry; as a public man he bore himself with arrogant self-righteousness; and success made him obtuse and indifferent to the social conditions that barred others from success. A lavish giver of alms, Macaulay substituted this self-gratification for true sympathy. Moral self-assurance made him rigid, and turned an undoubtedly fine mind into the course of ignorance. As a consequence, his major works have conferred injuries rather than benefits. His educational scheme for India imposed an unadaptable alien culture upon a subject people and led to the creation of the new caste of "Babus." Because it was so influential, his biased history of England has misled several generations. His success had the further effect of leaving him emotionally so underdeveloped that the account of his immature personal life is at times grotesque and at times repellent. Mr. Bryant's treatment is a model of effective brief biography.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF THE UNITED STATES, by Isaac Lippincott. *New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 756 pages, illustrated. $4.*

The third edition of this standard textbook for college students of American economic history has been thoroughly revised, expanded and brought up to date by the author, who is professor of Economic Resources at Washington University.

"*At last!* A thorough-going study of Hitler's Germany by a scholar who *knows.*"
—*New York Times*

GERMANY

ENTERS THE THIRD REICH

By CALVIN BRYCE HOOVER

Author of
"The Economic Life of Soviet Russia"

"*A very able and timely book* . . . sets out, clearly and impartially, the history, methods and aspirations of a revolutionary movement which may offer Europe not peace but the sword."—*N. Y. Times* (William MacDonald).

"Timeliness, thoroughness, accuracy, soundness of judgment and high literary value are combined in a very remarkable manner."—*New York Herald Tribune* (Michael Williams).

"The best up-to-the-minute analysis of Germany that we have!"—*New York World-Telegram* (Harry Hansen).

At all bookstores. $2.50

The MACMILLAN CO., New York

Rational Living Library, by a well-known Health Teacher.—Ready: No. 1, *How Is Your Stomach?* (Food, Indigestion, Constipation); No. 2, *Sex and Health* (The Sexual Revolution, Anatomy, Physiology, Menstruation—indispensable for adults and boys and girls over 15); No. 3, *Sex Life and Marriage* (Married Life, Pregnancy, Childbirth).—Twenty cents each (no stamps). Address: Rational Living, Box 4, Station M, New York. In preparation: *Mental Health* and *Shall We Eat Flesh?* Our books are saving health and money. Ask your bookseller or order from us!

Order your books—all books—mailed anywhere in the U. S. A.

POSTAGE FREE

from

THE NEW REPUBLIC BOOKSTORE
419 West 21st Street New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HUMAN ASPECTS OF UNEMPLOYMENT AND RELIEF, by James N. Williams. *Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 251 pages. $2.50.*

Dr. Williams brings the history of public-welfare administration up to date with an almost complete exposition of the modern techniques practised in the state of New York. The "human aspects" are vivid descriptions of the catastrophic effects, economic and psychological, of unemployment. Abstract reasons for encouragement are found in historic progressions: "Charity" has become "Public Welfare" (The New York "English Poor Law" was repealed in 1929); economic individualism is giving way to a philosophy of social responsibility; relief control is shifting from *local-private* to *central-public* bureaus. To the chronicle of successes are added specific technical recommendations for oiling the relief machinery. On the human side Dr. Williams offers heartfelt commiseration for mass suffering. He hopes that the "city of the rich" and the "city of the poor" will be bridged by scientific social work.

Indiscretions

THE PURE AND THE IMPURE, by Colette. *New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 229 pages. $2.*

Colette here goes into secret places with tones of no less courage and authority than usual. The incidents, however, which concern those two afflictions, pederasty and jealousy, are stray. Over numerous unsatisfied creatures she has let fall the slight bright vapor of her curiosity, and also, going out of her own time, carefully sought out knowledge of the celebrated Ladies of Llangollen. These were two young English girls who eloped together in 1776, and lived in solitude and mutual tenderness for fifty-three years in a Welsh cottage. The author's companionship with a group of "lost" boys is related in simple anecdotal fashion, lacking the more complete treatment and justification of Gide. Readers in English have been led to expect much autobiography in this book—"this book in which I pretend to make a personal contribution to the sum total of the knowledge of the senses. . . ." The truth is, there is less of Colette here than in many of the novels and, with the exception of one essay, the last, she is writing from afar.

Contributors

Constance Rourke, author of "Trumpets of Jubilee," "Troupers of the Gold Coast" and "American Humor," has recently completed a biography of David Crockett, which will be published by Harcourt, Brace and Company next spring.

Selden Rodman is one of the editors of the fortnightly magazine, Common Sense, and author of a book of verse, "Mortal Triumph."

Yvor Winters, who teaches English at Stanford University, is the author of several volumes of verse, the most recent being "The Journey and Other Poems."

Archibald MacLeish practised law in Boston for three years before he abandoned a legal career to devote himself to poetry. During the War he went abroad in a hospital unit, got himself shifted to the Field Artillery and was a captain of Field Artillery when the War ended. He afterwards taught for a year at Harvard and did free-lance writing in New York City while working on his poetry. Several volumes of his verse have been published, the most recent being "Conquistador."

Herbert Klein is a graduate of Stanford University. He has lived in Berlin for several years, serving as Berlin correspondent for a number of American newspapers.

T. S. Matthews, literary editor of Time and author of a novel, "To the Gallows I Must Go," is at present working on his second novel.

Lewis Mumford has written several books on architecture, art and the social sciences. He is now completing his study of "Mechanics and Civilization."

SUMMER PLACES

SUMMER PLACES

Western View Farm

An Inn unique in its hospitality
Fourteenth Season
Rates: $8.00 a day $49.00 a week
Reservations are required
Address
Edward G. Ohmer, New Milford, Conn.
Telephone: New Milford 440

SPEND DELIGHTFUL FALL VACATION on large colonial estate. Private golf course. Tennis. Large oak woods. Open fire places. Best of southern cooking. Reduced rates. Weekly, $10 up to $15 with private bath. Seven hours from New York.
MAJOR MARSHALL MacDONALD
Media Farm, Charles Town,
West Virginia, Jefferson County

COMMISSIONS ABROAD

Young man, responsible, going to Europe, will undertake commissions for fair compensation. Lived and studied in Europe. Knows languages. Columbia Graduate of good bearing. Leonard, 760 East 19th St., Brooklyn, New York.

FOR RENT

Room in one family house at Belle Harbor, New York, to cultured person or couple; simple meals optional; 40 minutes from city; monthly commutation from Penn. Station or Brooklyn. Address: Box 774, The New Republic.

Unfurnished: a 2-room, also a 1-room and kitchenette apartment, in an old fashioned, remodelled house owned by The New Republic. Modern conveniences; fireplace. Telephone: CHelsea 3-8393.

PAYING GUESTS WANTED

WHY RENT AN APARTMENT?

Live luxuriously and economically on a beautiful Westchester estate—Enjoy a remarkable cuisine and perfect service—Begin a leisurely breakfast a bit before eight and reach Wall St. at nine—Return for later afternoon tennis, handball, swimming, winter sports—For your evenings a beautiful library, music room, game room—Semi-permanent rates unbelievably low. Address: Box 773, The New Republic.

For Fall Rentals

use the classified columns of The New Republic. A recent advertiser received 100 replies on two insertions of a half-inch (30 word) ad and rented his house. The special classified rate is $2.00 for thirty words (minimum) for one insertion and $1.75 an insertion for three insertions. Additional words proportionately more. Copy received Monday will make issue out Thursday.

Advertising Department
THE NEW REPUBLIC
421 W. 21st St. New York, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED